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**EXTRA—Play "SLAP THE JAP" EXCITING NEW GAME INSIDE!**

# DAREDEVIL



MAY  
NO. 10

*"The Greatest Name in Comics"*

TEN  
CENTS

PUBLISHED BY COMIC HOUSE, INC. 114 EAST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

DAREDEVIL GOES TO WAR AND VOWS  
THAT ONE HUNDRED JAPS WILL FALL FOR  
EVERY DROP OF AMERICAN BLOOD SPILLED  
BY THEIR TREACHERY! AMERICA WILL  
REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER

ALSO  
THE CLAW  
REAL AMERICAN  
PAT PATRIOT  
THIRTEEN  
LONDON  
Many Other  
Features



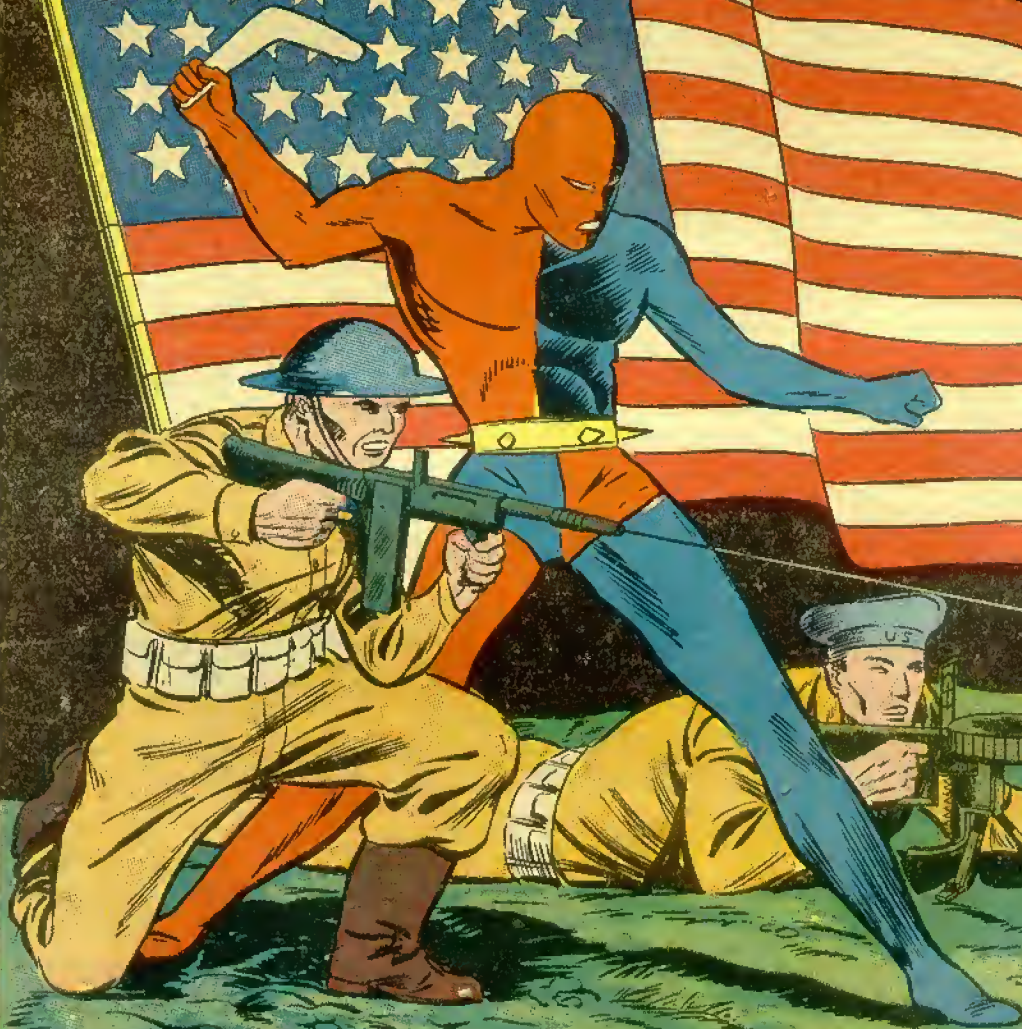




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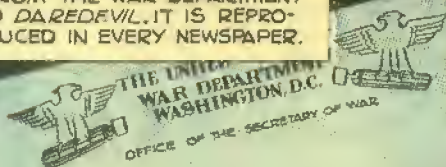
# DAREDEVIL



IS SERIOUS BUSINESS--WHEN MEN USE THE WHOLE WORLD AS A PLAYGROUND FOR A GIGANTIC GAME OF DEATH, THERE IS NO ROOM FOR IDLE JOKERS. ALL WARS ARE WON THROUGH GRIM DETERMINATION AND COURAGEOUS FORTITUDE...AND THIS WAR ABOVE ALL, MUST NOT BE LOST! YOU MAY NOT BE A **DAREDEVIL**, BUT NO PERSON IS TOO INSIGNIFICANT TO HELP! DO YOUR PART...**DAREDEVIL** IS DOING HIS!!!



THIS IS AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT TO DAREDEVIL. IT IS REPRODUCED IN EVERY NEWSPAPER.



DAREDEVIL:

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES REQUESTS YOUR ASSISTANCE IN THE PRESENT CRISIS. KNOWING YOUR PROPENSITY IN FIGHTING FOR YOUR COUNTRY IS AN INDIVIDUAL PASSION, WE, NEVERTHELESS FEEL THAT YOUR COOPERATION IN THE ARMY AIR CORPS WOULD BOOST MORALE AND BE OF THE GREATEST BENEFIT TO THE COUNTRY AS A WHOLE.

THE PACIFIC COAST RECRUITING STATIONS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED TO WATCH FOR YOU.

SINCERELY,

-FORSTAY OF WAR

A WEEK LATER, DAREDEVIL, ALIAS BART HILL APPEARS AT AN ARMY STATION.....

I'M BART HILL, SIR... I WAS TO CALL TODAY FOR MY EXAMINATION IN THE AIR CORPS.

OH, YES, HILL, YOUR APPLICATION HAS BEEN ACCEPTED! IF YOU'RE PHYSICALLY FIT, YOU CAN CONSIDER YOURSELF IN!



THANK YOU, BUT BEFORE I GO ON DUTY, I SHOULD LIKE TO MAKE **ONE** REQUEST! SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS IN NEW YORK REQUIRES MY ATTENTION! A WEEK'S TIME WOULD ALLOW ME TO TAKE CARE OF IT!

SORRY, HILL, THE ARMY NEEDS EVERY MAN IN THE AIR AS SOON AS THEY CAN GET THERE! THE WAR DOESN'T STOP FOR PERSONAL MATTERS TO BE SETTLED!

CERTAINLY, SIR, I UNDERSTAND! YOU CAN CONSIDER ME READY FOR SERVICE THE MOMENT I'M NEEDED!



FINE! IT'S SPIRIT LIKE THAT, WHICH WILL CARRY AMERICA OVER THE TOP TO COMPLETE VICTORY! YOU'LL FIND THE MEDICAL EXAMINER THROUGH THAT DOOR... AND GOOD LUCK, HILL!



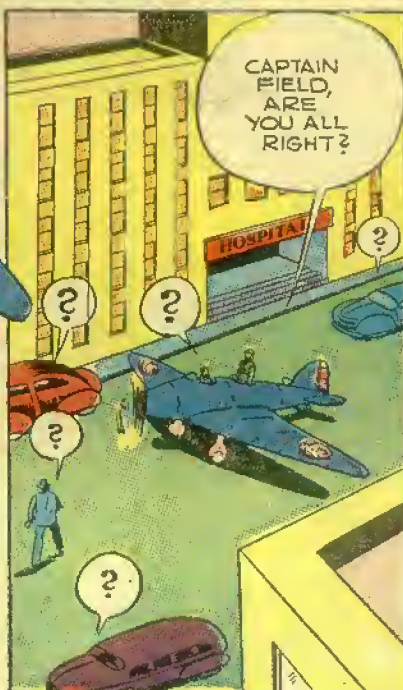
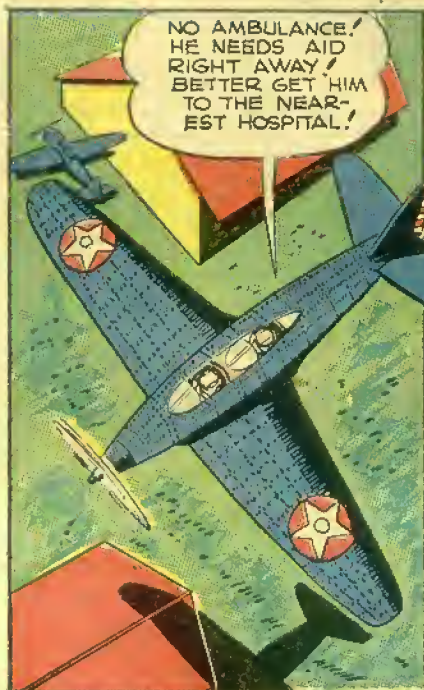
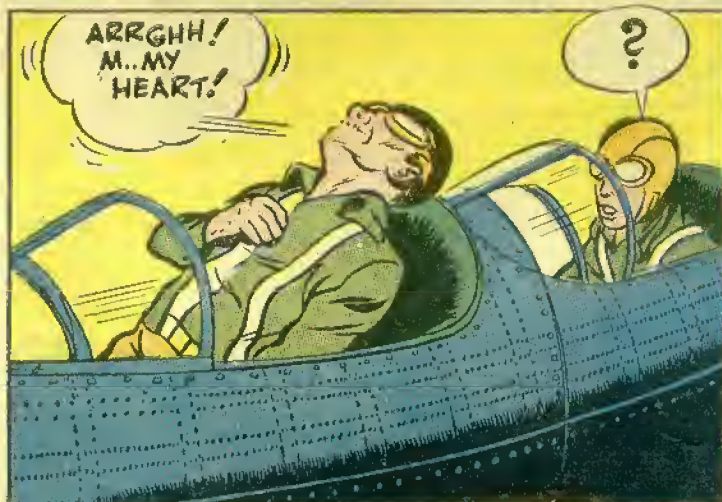
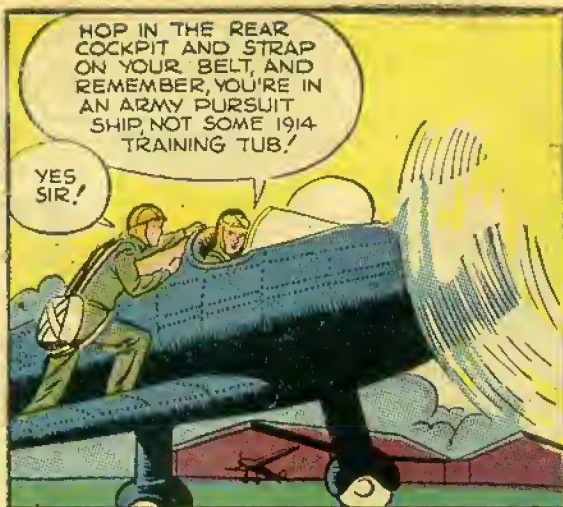
LATER...

BALANCE CONTROL - PERFECT! ALL RIGHT, THAT'S ALL!



WELL, HILL, YOU'VE COMPLETED THE EXAM A-1 AND LET ME WARN YOU, THAT EVERY BIT OF YOUR PHYSICAL ABILITY WILL BE NEEDED! FLYING AN ARMY FIGHTER ISN'T FOOD FOR BABIES! YOUR NEXT STOP IS THE TRAINING FIELD!







THREE WEEKS LATER, THE TOUGH-  
ENED ROOKIES ARE CALLED TO  
ATTENTION.....

MEN, YOUR PRELIMINARY FLY-  
ING INSTRUCTION IS ENDED! FROM NOW ON, THE TRAINING WHICH WILL MAKE YOU THE BEST AND TOUGHEST PILOTS IN THE WORLD WILL BEGIN! REPORT FOR FLIGHT DUTY IN ONE HOUR!



BOY O'BOY  
HAVE I BEEN  
WAITING  
FOR THIS!  
**YIPP!**

NO MORE  
PETTICOAT  
PILOTING!...  
WHAT A  
BREAK!

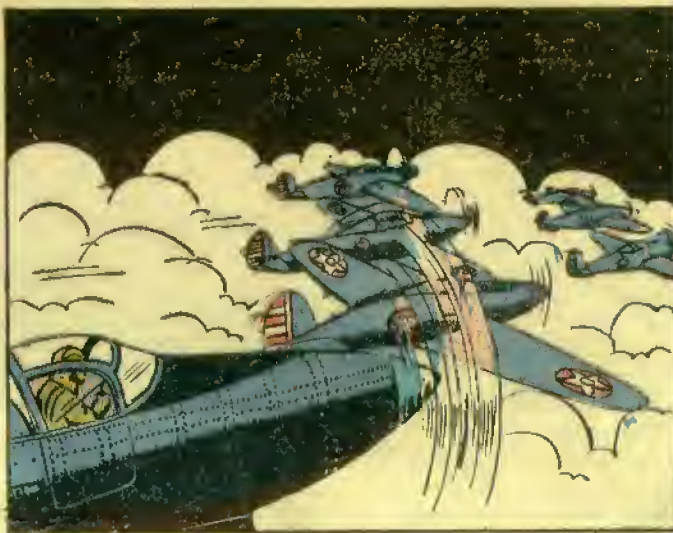
TWO BARREL  
ROLLS AND A  
FALLING LEAF!  
WHAT A DIET!

YEH, WE'LL  
PULL YOU OUT  
OF THE GROUND  
DON'T WORRY!

KEEP YOUR  
EYES OPEN,  
I'LL SHOW HOW  
TO DO A REAL  
9 G!



ALL RIGHT, MEN!  
WE'LL CLIMB TO  
FOURTEEN THOUSAND  
AND FALL INTO FOR-  
MATION 2 ZY!  
LET'S GO!



DISPERSE! ALL  
SHIPS WILL SEPARATE  
THEMSELVES! FOLLOW  
A HUNDRED MILE INDI-  
VIDUAL COURSE AND  
RETURN TO THE BASE  
WITHIN FORTY MIN-  
UTES! YOUR COM-  
PASSES HAVE BEEN  
DISCONNECTED!



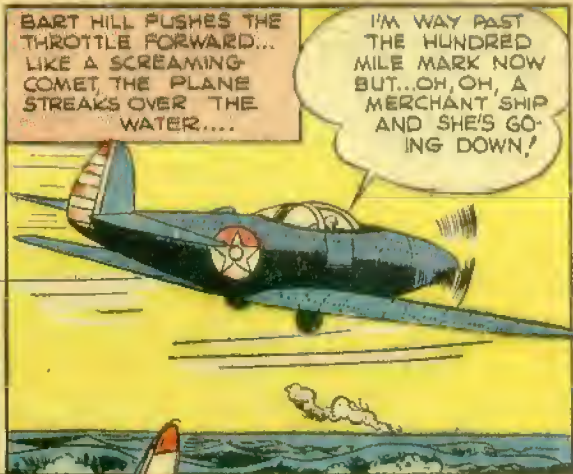
FORTY MINUTES!  
WELL, DAREDEVIL, WITH  
THESE SHIPS CLIPPING  
OFF 350 PER HOUR,  
THAT SHOULD BE  
CHICKEN PIE! GUESS  
I'LL TAKE THE  
WATER ROUTE!





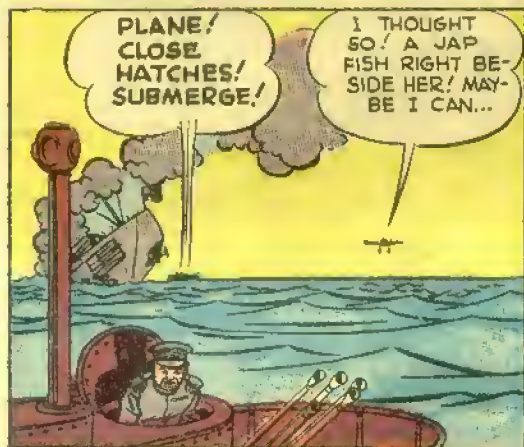


PERHAPS IT'S MY IMAGINATION, BUT THAT SMOKE COMING UP OVER THE HORIZON THERE SEEMS TOO MUCH FOR ANY SHIP TO GIVE OUT!



BART HILL PUSHES THE THROTTLE FORWARD... LIKE A SCREAMING COMET, THE PLANE STREAKS OVER THE WATER....

I'M WAY PAST THE HUNDRED MILE MARK NOW BUT...OH, OH, A MERCHANT SHIP AND SHE'S GOING DOWN!

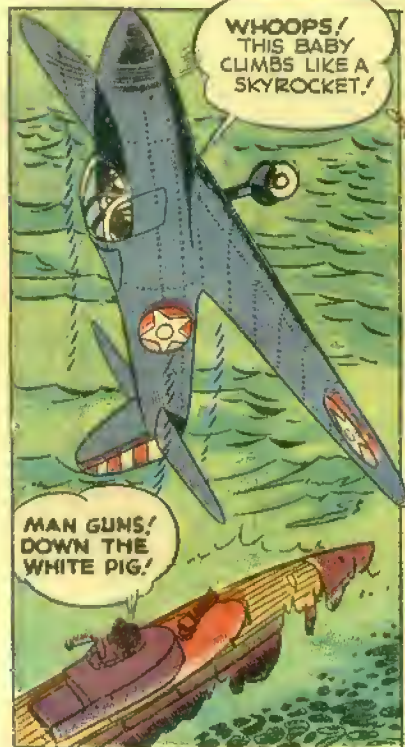


PLANE! CLOSE HATCHES! SUBMERGE!

I THOUGHT SO! A JAP FISH RIGHT BESIDE HER! MAYBE I CAN...



GIVE HER A BLACK EYE!

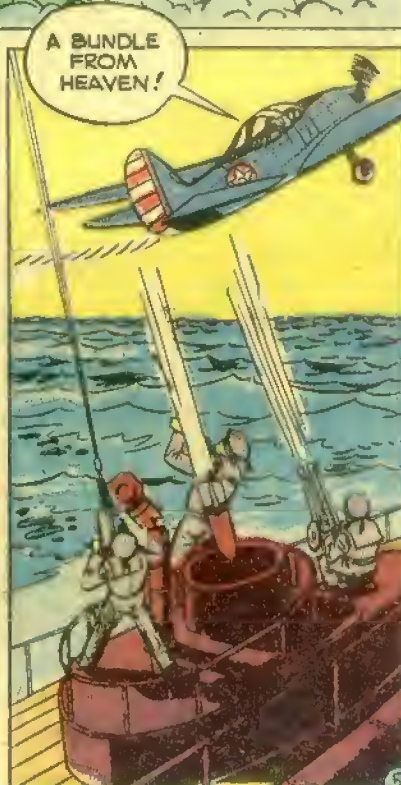


WHOOPS! THIS BABY CLIMBS LIKE A SKYROCKET!

MAN GUNS! DOWN THE WHITE PIG!



大砲



A BUNDLE FROM HEAVEN!





GIVE MY  
REGARDS TO  
DAVY JONES,  
BOYS!



BETTER CALL THE BASE  
AND HAVE HELP SENT  
TO THOSE POOR SHIP  
SURVIVORS! A THOUSAND  
JAPS ISN'T WORTH ONE  
OF THEM, BUT AT  
LEAST THEY'RE  
PARTIALLY AVENGED!



IT'S BART  
HILL'S  
SHIP!

G-GOSH  
MAYBE HE  
DOESN'T  
KNOW THE  
WHEEL'S OFF!

HE'LL NEVER BE  
ABLE TO LAND THAT!  
WHY DIDN'T HE BAIL  
OUT?



HOLY MOSES!  
THE GUY'S  
GONNA LAND!  
CALL OUT THE  
EMERGENCY  
SQUAD!



HEY  
BART!

WHAT A  
MIRACLE  
MAN THAT  
GUY IS!

HI, BOYS!  
BEEN WOR-  
RIED ABOUT  
ME?



WELL CAPTAIN,  
I DIDN'T GET  
BACK IN FORTY  
MINUTES! DO  
I GET ANOTHER  
TRY AT THE  
TEST?

TEST, NOTHING!  
ANYONE THAT  
CAN SINK A JAP  
U-BOAT, HAS PASS-  
ED HIS FINAL  
EXAM!

BUT I THINK AFTER  
YOUR FIRST EXPERIENCE UNDER  
FIRE, YOU SHOULD HAVE A  
REST! TAKE TWO WEEKS  
FURLOUGH...AND INCIDENTAL-  
LY, THAT NEW YORK BUSI-  
NESS DECIDED TO COME TO  
THE WEST COAST! SHE'S  
DOWN AT THE AIRPORT  
WAITING FOR YOUR...

WOW! TONIA MUST  
HAVE GOTTEN THAT  
JOB AS AIR HOSTESS  
ON THE PACIFIC  
COAST LINES! WILL  
SHE LOOK GOOD  
TO ME!



WELL, FELLERS,  
BE SEEING-  
YOU IN A  
COUPLE  
OF WEEKS!

NICE WORK,  
BART! A FEW  
MORE LIKE YOU  
AND WE WON'T  
CARE IF DAREDEVIL  
DOESN'T SHOW  
UP!

LUCKY STIFF! I  
HAVEN'T SEEN  
MY LITTLE  
NUMBER FOR  
12 MONTHS!



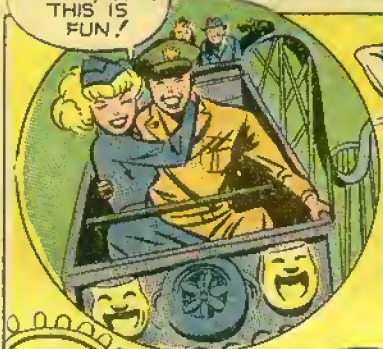
LET'S BUY  
ANOTHER  
TICKET, BART!  
THIS IS  
FUN!

THAT  
NIGHT  
IN  
FRISCO, A  
HAPPY  
COUPLE  
HEADS  
TOWARD  
THE  
BRIGHT  
LIGHTS...

WHY YOU DARL-  
ING DOPE! WHY  
DIDN'T YOU SEE  
ME BEFORE YOU  
JOINED UP?

YOU'RE PLAYING  
SECOND FIDDLE TO  
MISS AMERICA  
NOW, SWEET! SHE  
KEEPS ME UNDER  
HER THUMB  
PRETTY WELL!

BART HILL!  
STOP THIS  
MINUTE! YOU'LL  
HAVE THE MAN  
HYSTERICAL!

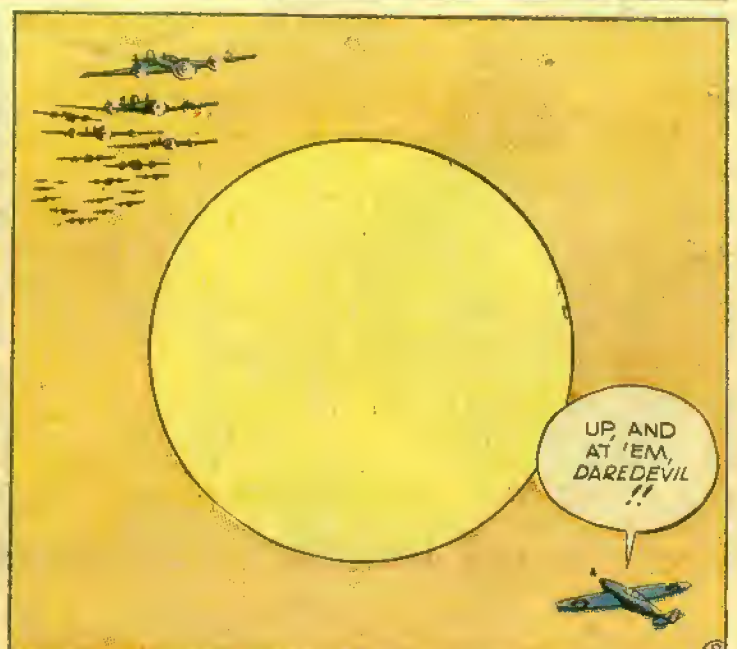
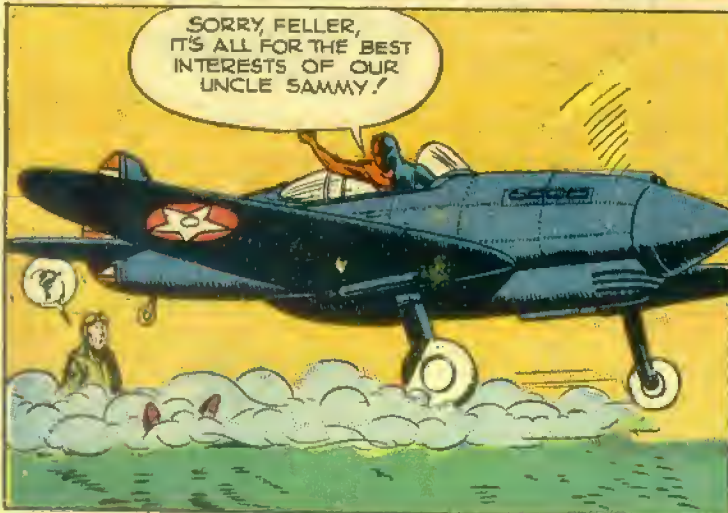
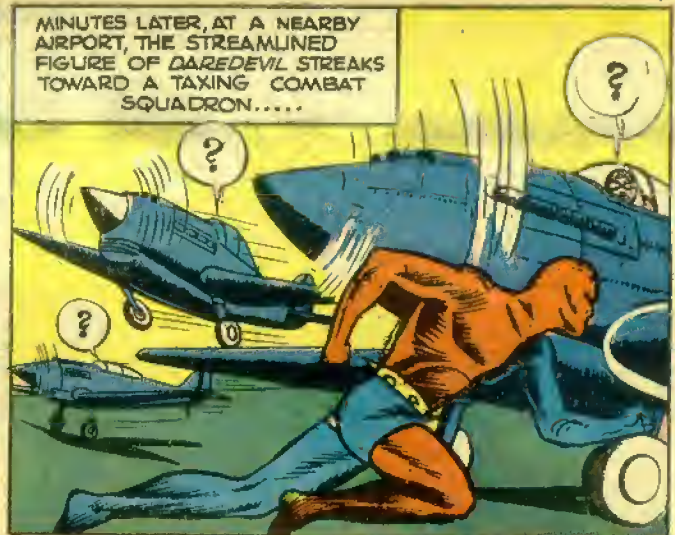


SOMEHOW, IT  
JUST DOESN'T  
SEEM LIKE THERE'S  
A WAR NOW,  
BART!

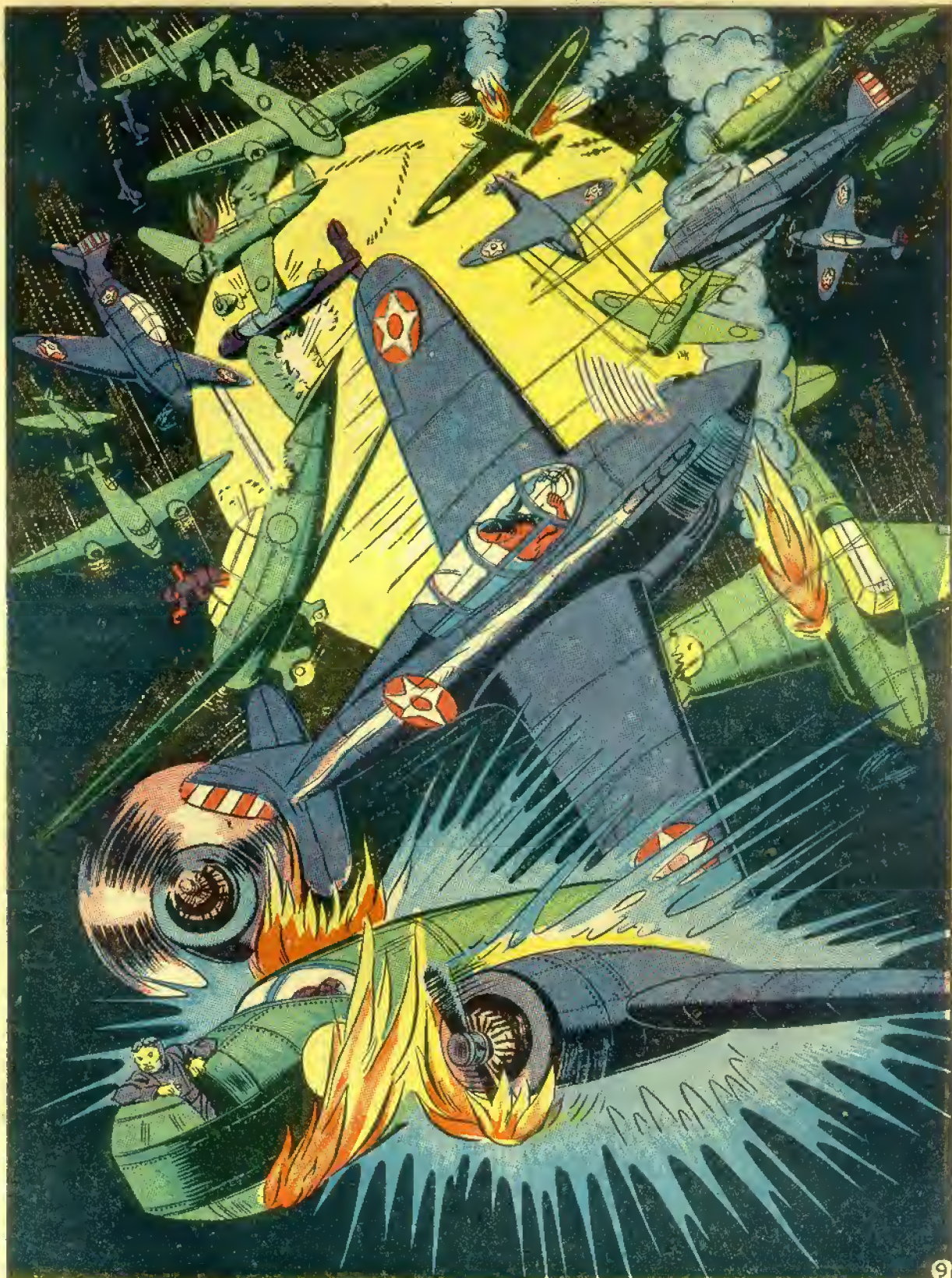
THE JAPS  
ARE GIVING  
US SOME  
NORMAL  
EXERCISE!







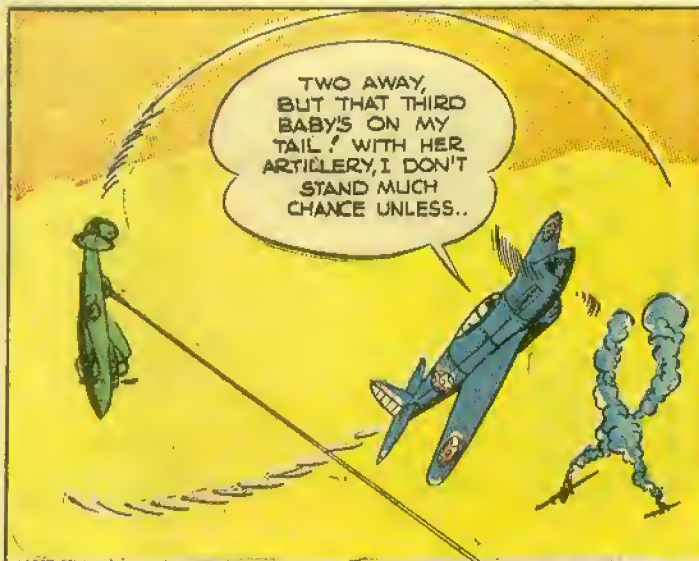
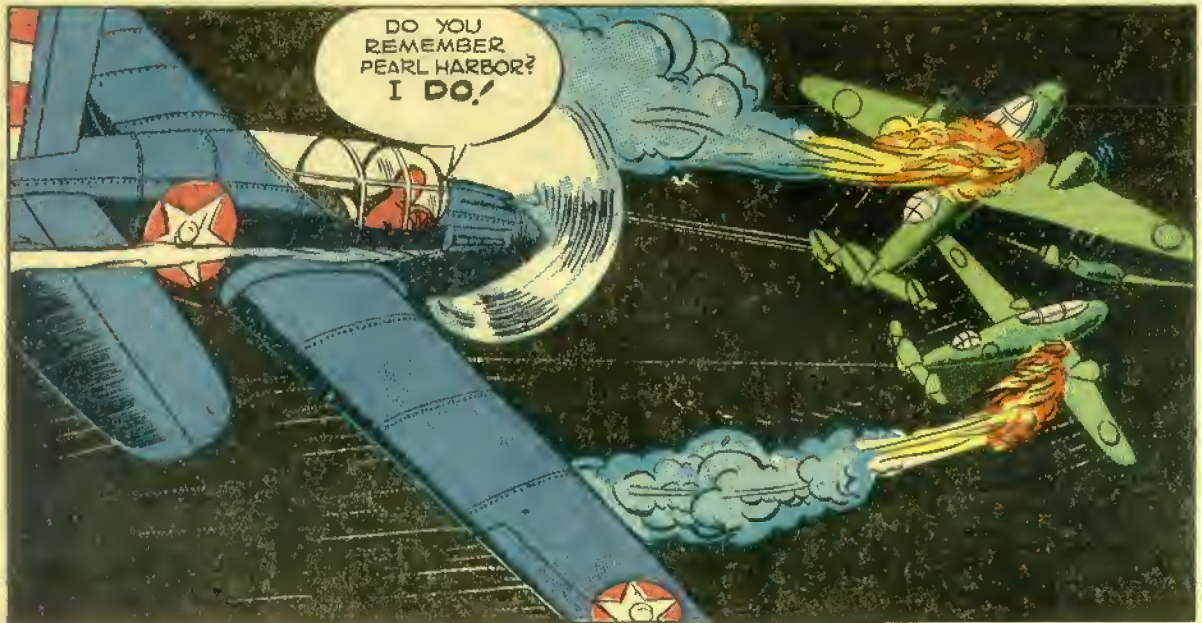
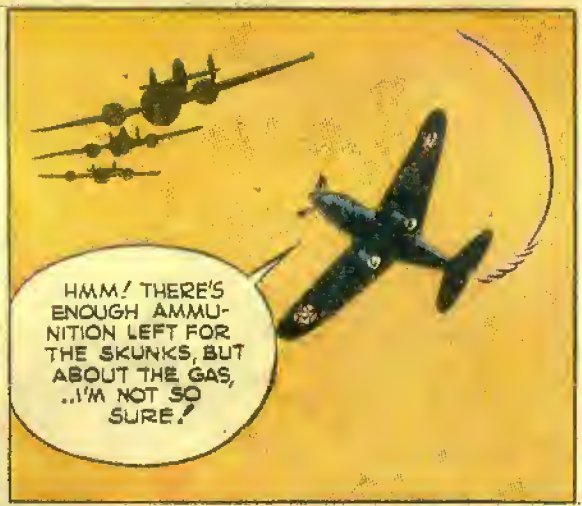




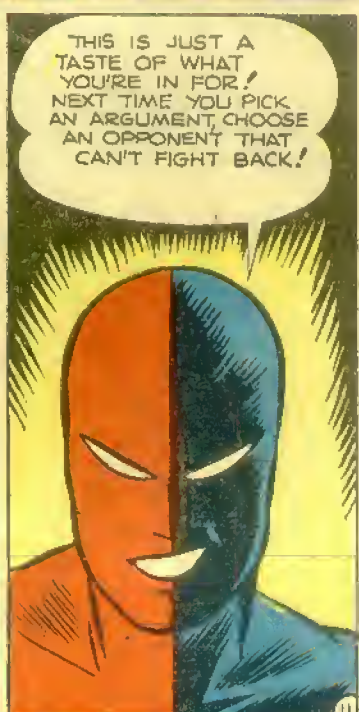
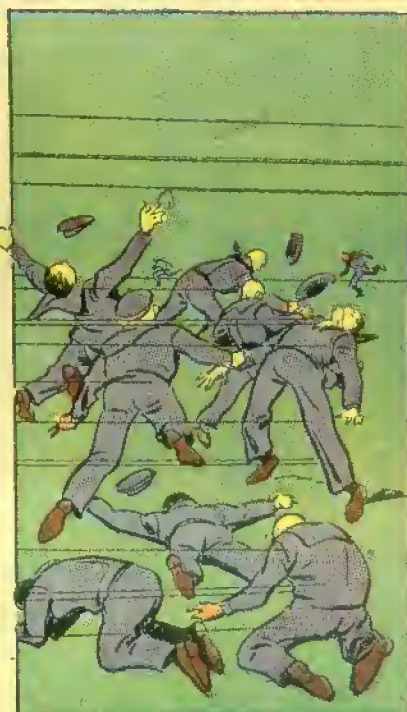
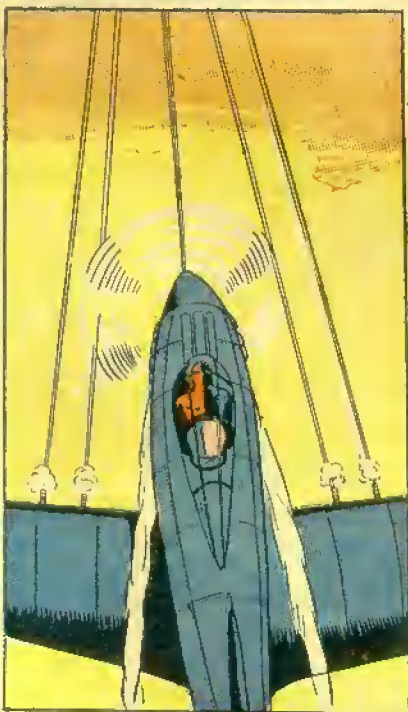
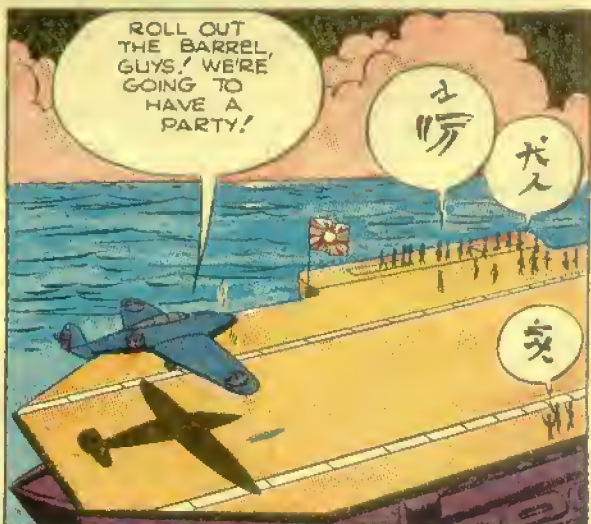
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INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH BLAZES DAREDEVIL.....A TERRIFIC VOLLEY BLASTS THE GAS TANK OF THE FIRST JAP BOMBER! A RIGHT SPIN AND HE FALLS CLEAR OF THE RESULTING RAIN OF LEAD FROM THE ORIENTAL SQUADRON....THEN, AS THE OTHER U.S. ARMY FIGHTERS JOIN THE FRAY, DAREDEVIL CIRCLES UPWARD AND ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!













NO GAS!  
I'LL HAVE TO  
LAND ON  
THIS TUB!

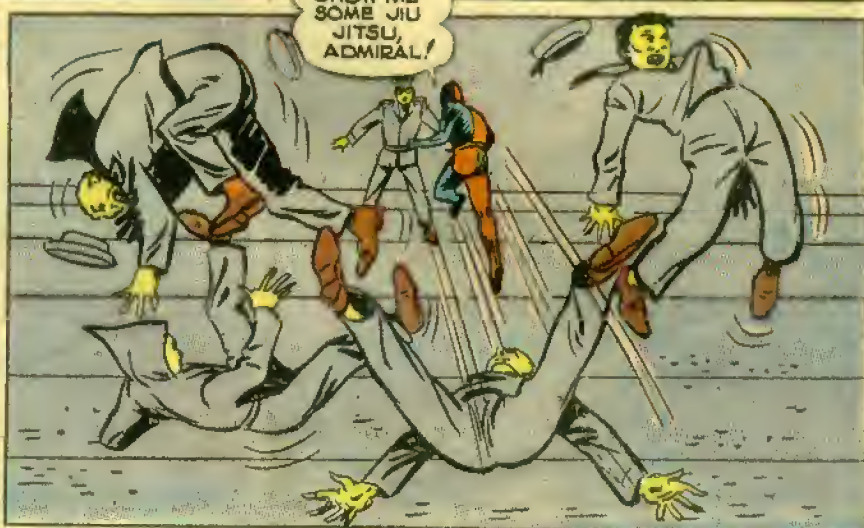


COME ON BUMS,  
DON'T STAND THERE  
GAPING! I THOUGHT  
YOU WANTED TO  
FIGHT!

DAREDEVIL  
THIS LOOKS LIKE  
YOUR LAST FIGHT!  
MAKE IT  
GOOD!



SO THE FOOLISH  
AMERICAN TRY TO  
LICK JAPANESE  
NAVY SINGLE-  
HANDED! SEIZE  
HIM!



SHOW ME  
SOME JIU  
JITSU,  
ADMIRAL!



ANOTHER  
STEP AND  
YOUR MONKEY  
BOSS GOES  
IN THE  
OCEAN!



VELLY  
GOOD! NOW,  
PUT DOWN  
PLEASE  
!!

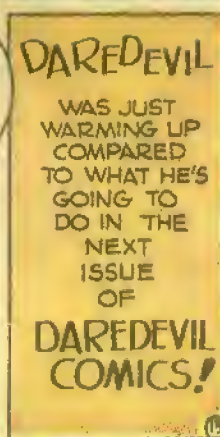
WHY  
CERTAINLY  
CAPTAIN!  
WITH  
PLEASURE!

PEEG!



PLOD!







# SNIFFER

THE "BRUSH 'EM OFF" SERVICE OWNED AND OPERATED BY SNIFFER, PUBLIC TERMITE NO. 1, CONTINUES ITS SPECTACULAR DEVELOPMENT INTO A THRIVING BUSINESS. AS OUR STORY OPENS, A SMALL TIME BOOKIE RECEIVES A CALL FROM A CZAR OF THE UNDERWORLD. THE GANGSTER SPEAKS. LISTEN...

I SUPPOSE YA'VE HEARD OF THE "FINGERS" STREETER MOB... WELL, THAT'S ME, SEE? I'D LIKE TO MAKE A LITTLE BET! ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS!

SURE, FINGERS. WHAT'S THE NAG?

BY  
HUBBELL



DOGBISCUIT IN THE FIFTH RACE AT HIALEAH TO WIN!

DOGBISCUIT? SAY, ARE YOU KIDDING? THAT NANNY GOAT'S ONLY GOOD FOR A ONE WAY TO THE GLUE FACTORY!



DON'T GIMME NONE O' THAT STUFF! IF YA DON'T WANT TO PLACE THIS BET, I'LL GET ANOTHER BOOKIE!

OKAY! OKAY! I'LL DO IT! IT'S YOUR DOUGH!



OF COURSE WE COULDN'T SAY WE HAD PRACTICALLY EVERY OTHER HORSE NEEDED, COULD WE? THAT WOULD BE TELLING!





FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS!  
DOGBISCUIT!  
HOLY SMOKE! WHY  
DON'T HE JUST  
TOSS IT OUT  
THE WINDOW?

AND ME WITH  
A TIP ON THAT  
RACE. HOT  
ENOUGH TO  
SCORCH YOUR  
EYEBROWS!  
IF I ONLY...  
SAY!

IF I PLACED THAT HALF A G ON  
WHIRLOFF, NOBODY'D EVER  
KNOW I COULD PAY OFF  
THE MEDICOS AND STILL  
HAVE PLENTY  
LEFT OVER!

HIYA, HARRY!  
PUT THIS 500  
ON WHIRLOFF  
IN THE FIFTH  
TO WIN!

JUST IN TIME!  
THAT RACE GOES  
IN FIVE MINUTES!  
WHY DON'T YOU  
STICK AROUND AN'  
HEAR TH' RESULTS  
OVER OUR  
RADIO!

LATER...

HBY! HERE'S  
TH' RESULTS  
ON TH' FIFTH  
RACE! QUIET!

AT HIALEAH...  
FIFTH RACE, THE  
WINNER, POST THREE,  
DOGBISCUIT,  
24.80--10.90--  
3.60--SECOND,  
POST FIVE, SAMPLER...

HOLY  
SMOKE!  
I'M SUNK!  
WHAT'LL I  
DO?

LATER, AT FINGERS STREETER'S  
APARTMENT.....

THIS IS THE EASIEST  
SIX GRAND I'LL EVER  
MAKE! AH... THAT  
MUST BE THE BOYS  
NOW!

WHAT! WHAT YA  
MEAN, HE'S GONE?  
WHERE WOULD  
HE GO?

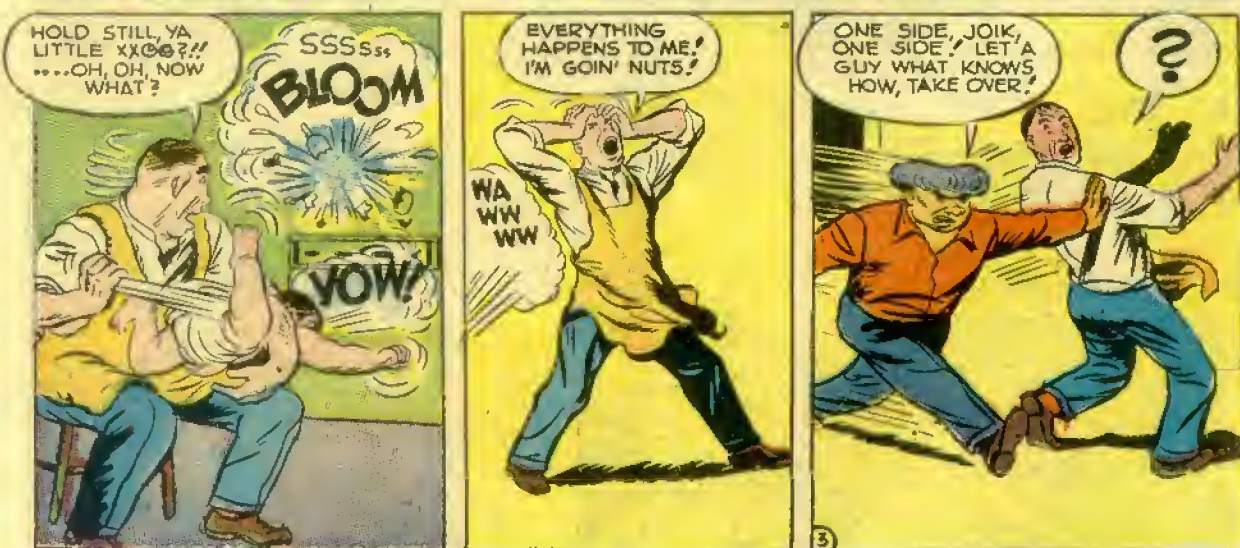
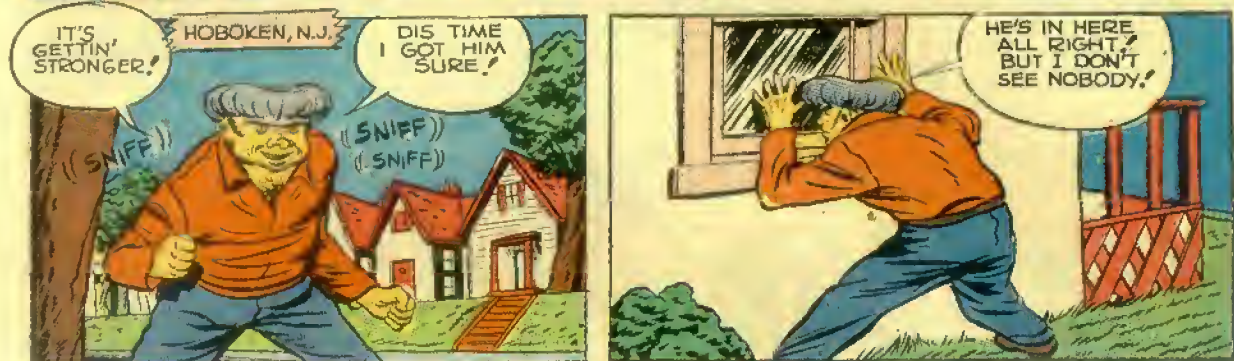
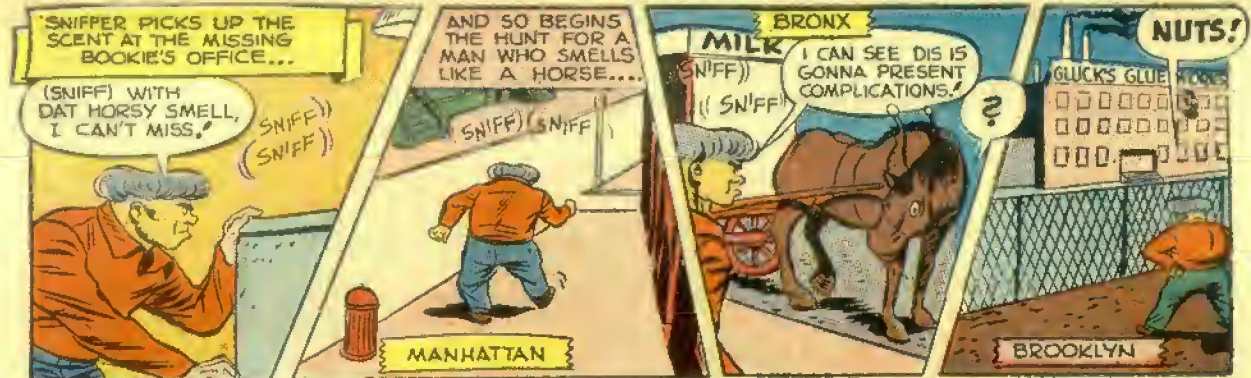
JUST LIKE WE TOLD YA, BOSS!  
...SO HE DON'T ANSWER, SEE...  
SO WE BUST IN, AN' TH  
JERNT'S DESOITED!

IF THAT RAT THINKS  
HE'S GONNA GET AWAY  
WITH THIS, HE'S NUTS!  
AN' THERE'S ONLY ONE  
WAY TO TRAIL HIM!  
GIMME THAT  
PHONE!

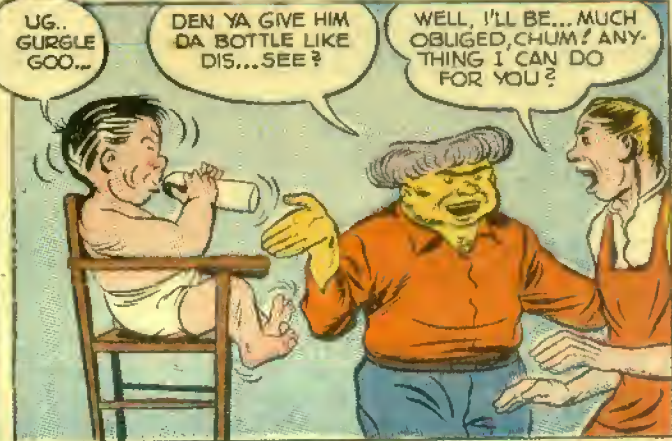
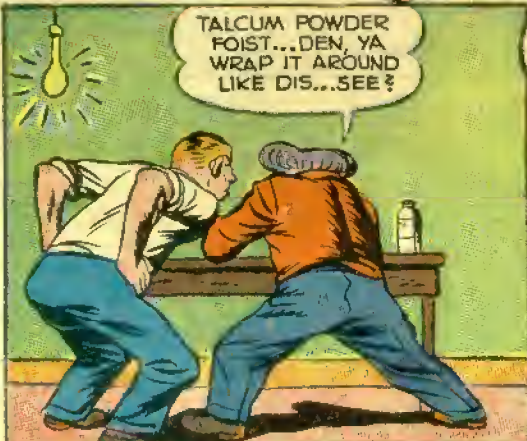
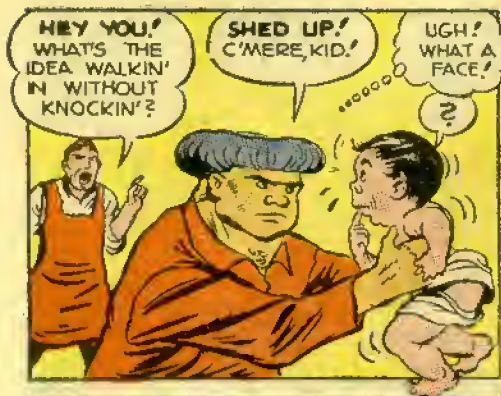
AAAR! FER THE  
LOVE OF...IT BETTER  
BE IMPORTANT, IT  
JUST RUINED MY  
SCORE!

YEAH, DIS IS SNIFFER!  
WHO?... YEAH, YEAH?  
WHAT? SKIPPED WIT'  
DE CASH, DID HE?...  
SURE, I'LL FIND  
HIM!











THE DAY OF THE BEAUTY JUDGING DAWNS BRIGHT AND CLEAR. FOR NEARLY AN HOUR THE LOCAL BABY CROP IS WHEELED PAST THE JUDGES' STAND....

OH, ISN'T UMS JUST UMS THE SWEETEST BABY THAT EVER LIVED? KOOCHY, KOOCHY, KOOCHY!

YES, MADAM! HE'S A LOVELY BABY! MOVE ALONG, PLEASE!

4TH ANNUAL BABY CONTEST

GOG!

SUDDENLY...

GOOD HEAVENS! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS CHILD!

IMAGINE ENTERING A THING LIKE THIS! MY WORD!

DO YOU SEE IT TOO? I THOUGHT MY EYES...

OH YEAH? NOW LISTEN HERE, YOU MUGS, I'M WINNIN' DIS SHOW, OR ELSE!

ULP!...D.DID YOU HEAR THAT?

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!

DIS IS A TOMMY I GOT HERE! IF YA TRY TO CROSS ME, YOU'RE GOIN' TA GET IT! NOW MAKE UP YOUR MINDS..FAST!

MERCY! WHAT A SITUATION! WHAT SHALL WE DO?

THINK OF OUR REPUTATIONS!

YES! IF WE SENT THAT FACE TO HOLLYWOOD, WHAT WOULD PEOPLE SAY?

ER...ULP...IF WE WERE TO DOUBLE THE PRIZE MONEY, WOULD YOU BE W..WILLING TO FORGET THE HOLLYWOOD CONTRACT?

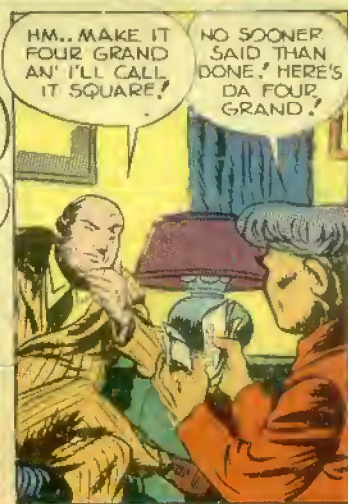
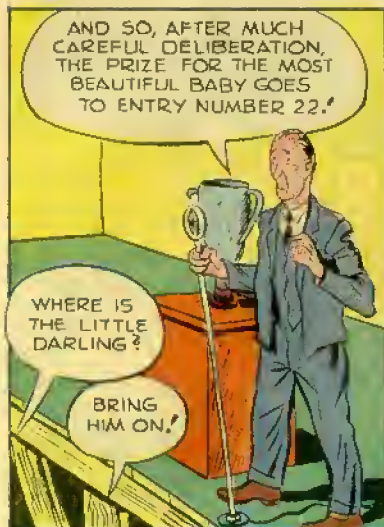
W.E..LL... I DON'T KNOW! MAKE IT \$7,000 AN' I'LL THINK IT OVER!

MINUTES LATER, THE LOUDSPEAKERS BEGIN TO BLARE....

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE JUDGES HAVE REACHED A DECISION! THE AWARDING OF PRIZES WILL TAKE PLACE IMMEDIATELY!

ABY NTEST





WATCH FOR **SNIFFER** NEXT MONTH!  
YOU'RE SLATED FOR A **BIG** SURPRISE!



# Pat PATRIOT



FOR A DANCE FOR DEMOCRACY, PAT PATRIOT, AMERICA'S JOAN OF ARC, FINDS MORE GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES THAN A DRAMA OF FREEDOM.....

BUT EET IS NO USE...THE OPENING OF THE DIAMOND ROOM MUST BE SOMETHING SPECTACULAR, SOMETHING TERRIFIC!

ATOP THE SKYTOP BUILDING IN NEW YORK, AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE DANCE DIRECTOR, ADRIAN PERFECTO IS IN TROUBLE.....

Tom Shuster





...AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, PUBLICITY HOWLDS PUSH THE PROPAGANDA....

# PAT PATRIOT

TO OPEN NEW DIAMOND ROOM

AMERICA'S GLORY GIRL WILL PLAY THE LEAD IN THE OPENING FLOOR SHOW OF THIS NEW NIGHT CLUB SUPREME

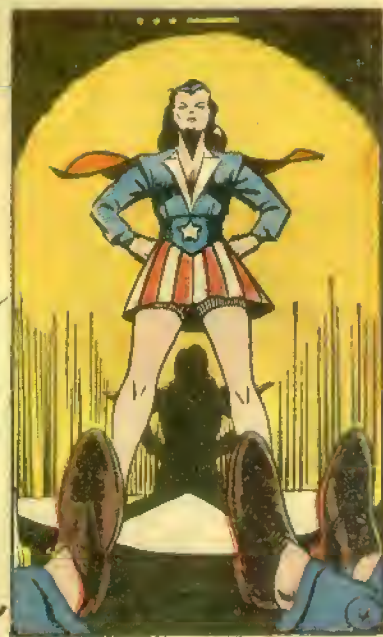
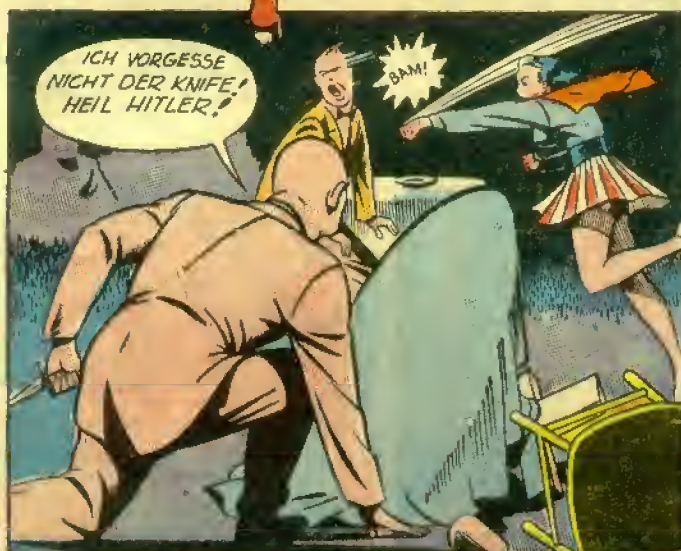
**PROFITS WILL GO TO GOVERNMENT FOR DEFENSE**



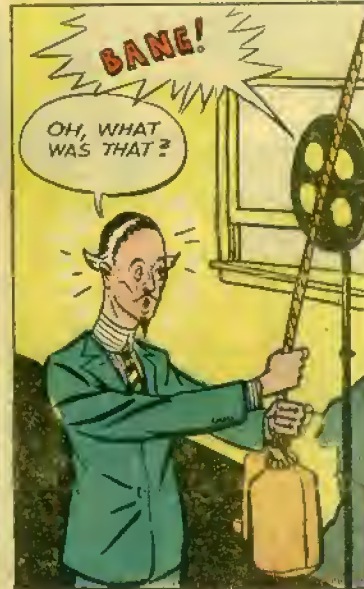




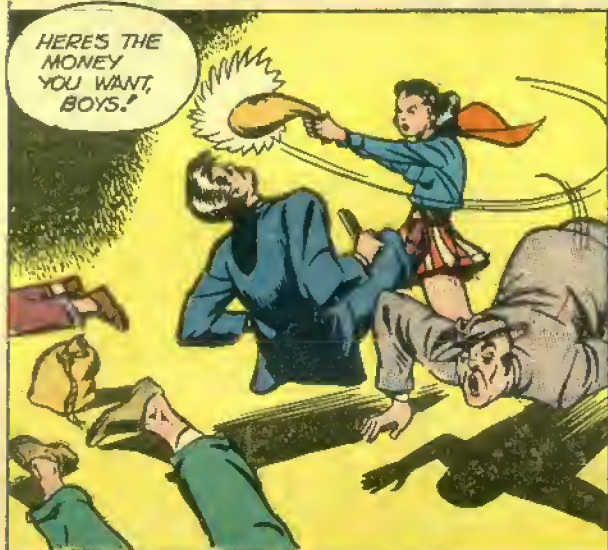














# REAL

Number One

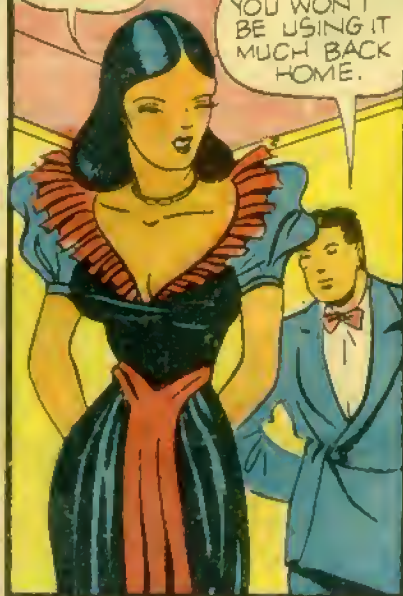
# AMERICAN



LAST ISSUE YOU SAW HOW JEFF DIXON, PROMINENT LAWYER AND FULL-BLOODED AMERICAN INDIAN WAS SUMMONED TO NEW YORK TO PROSECUTE PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE. IT WAS THE BRONZE TERROR VS. THE BRONX TERROR (IF YOU DIDN'T READ THE LAST ISSUE-- WHY DIDN'T YOU? YOU MISSED SOMETHING TERRIFIC!!) WELL JEFF DIXON THE BRONZE TERROR, AND LILLY, HIS SWEETHEART, ARE STILL IN NEW YORK, READY TO LEAVE FOR THE GOLDEN WEST...

HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW EVENING DRESS, JEFF?

IT'S A KNOCK-OUT. BUT YOU WON'T BE USING IT MUCH BACK HOME.



BY  
DICK  
BRIEFER





THAT'S RIGHT, BUT  
TO-NIGHT'S OUR  
LAST NIGHT IN  
NEW YORK AND  
WE'RE GOING  
STEPPING!

I'LL  
CALL  
A  
TAXI.



AT THE NIGHT CLUB---

QUITE A SWANKY  
CROWD. MAKES ME  
WONDER WHAT  
WE'RE DOING HERE.



THERE'S JEFF DIXON,  
THE FAMOUS INDIAN  
LAWYER.

OH, DADDY,  
I WANT AN  
INJUN BOY!

ISN'T HE  
ADORABLE?



THERE'S THAT INDIAN  
LAWYER. RATHER A  
CUTE CHICK HE HAS  
WITH HIM.



THERE'S DIXON  
NOW, BULL.

YEAH--  
I HAD A  
TIP HE'D  
BE  
HERE.



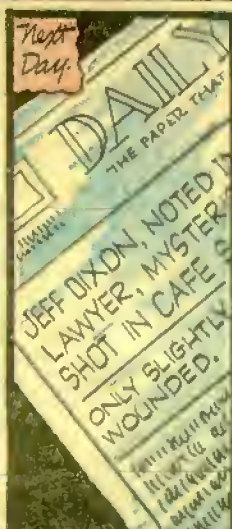
YOU DON'T LIKE  
HIM MUCH, DO  
YOU,  
BULL?

WHAT WOULD YOU  
DO TO A MOUTHPIECE  
THAT PUT YOUR  
BEST GAL IN THE  
HOT SEAT?

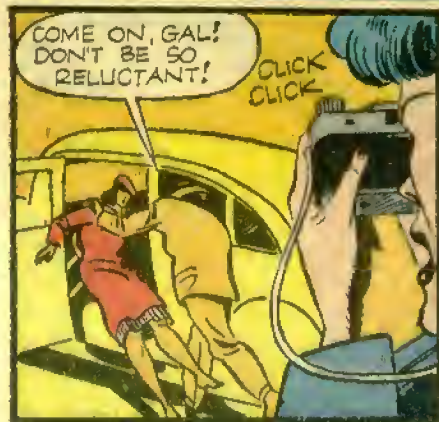
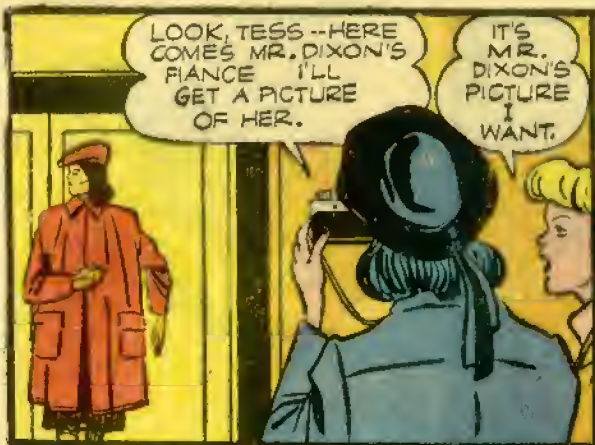


THAT'S WHAT HE  
DID TO MINE.  
AND NOW I'M  
GONNA HEAT  
HIM UP A  
BIT!

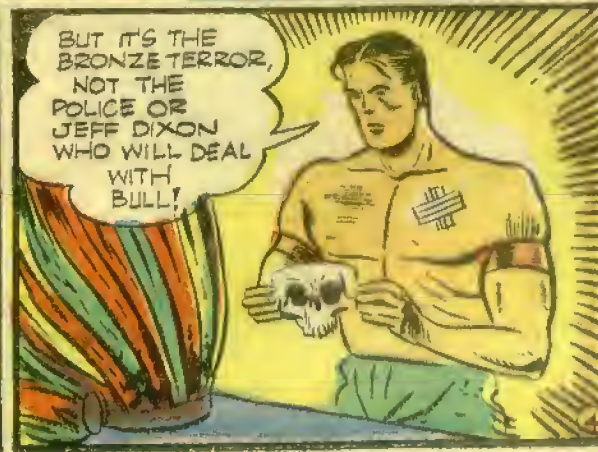








LUCKILY, THERE IS AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE HOTEL WHO PERMITS THE GIRLS TO DEVELOP THE PICTURES.





WE WON'T WASTE TIME DESCRIBING HOW THE BRONZE TERROR GETS TO BULL'S HOME-- RATHER, LET US PICK UP AT THE TIME OF HIS ARRIVAL..

BRONZE TERROR!

HELLO, BULL. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A FRIENDLY CHAT!

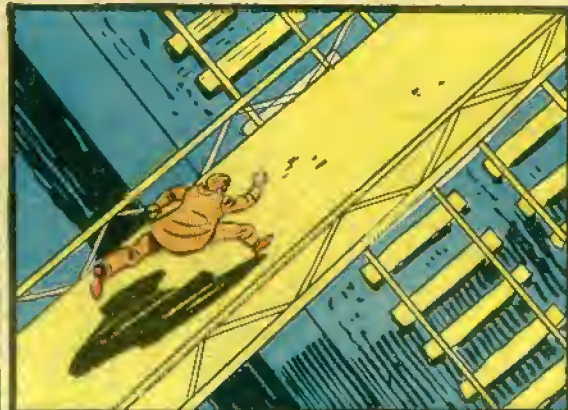


STARTING WITH THIS!



WHY--- THAT RAT!

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

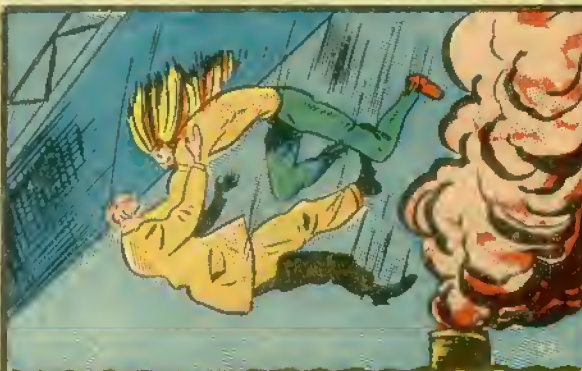


THANKS FOR LIVING ON THE SECOND FLOOR, BULL.



THE BRONZE TERROR LEAPS OUT OF THE WINDOW ONTO BULL.

THEY STRUGGLE, HANGING PRECARIOUSLY OVER THE RAIL..



THEY BOTH TUMBLE OFF THE LOW BRIDGE....



...AND LAND ON THE CAB OF A PASSING ENGINE!



BULL BREAKS AWAY FROM  
THE BRONZE TERROR--



HE DESPERATELY TRIES  
TO ESCAPE---



BUT FINDS  
OUT THE  
AGE-OLD  
STORY  
THAT  
CRIME  
DOESN'T  
PAY!

Good  
after--



YOU ALL RIGHT,  
LADY? WAKE  
UP-- YOU'RE  
GOING HOME.

WE GOT A PHONE  
CALL FROM THE  
BRONZE TERROR  
TELLING US YOU  
WERE HERE.

YOU MEAN  
THE BRONZE  
TERROR  
SAVED ME?

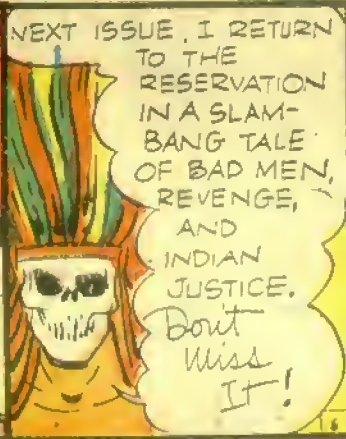


I JUST CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND  
HOW THE  
BRONZE  
TERROR  
GETS AROUND  
SO MUCH..



WELL, IF I'M CONFINED  
TO A SICKBED,  
SOMEONE HAS TO  
WATCH OVER YOU.

NEXT ISSUE, I RETURN  
TO THE  
RESERVATION  
IN A SLAM-  
BANG TALE  
OF BAD MEN,  
REVENGE,  
AND  
INDIAN  
JUSTICE.  
Don't  
Miss  
It!









# L

# ONDON

OUT OF THE MUCK  
AND MIRE WHICH IS  
HITLER'S MIND...OUT OF  
THE LAND OF CORRUPTION  
WHICH IS NAZIDOM, COMES  
THE TRUMP CARD IN THE  
WAR OF DEATH...AN ATTACK  
WITH GERMS ON THE  
BRITISH ISLES... WILL  
LONDON BE ABLE TO BATTLE  
THIS INVISIBLE PLAGUE  
SUCCESSFULLY OR WILL IT  
DESTROY THE LIFE BLOOD  
OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST  
EMPIRE AND LEAVE A  
POISONED PEOPLE IN  
IT'S WAKE??

WE FIND MARK HOLMES,  
THE ENGLISH NEWS  
FORECASTER WHO IS IN  
TRUTH LONDON, HIGH  
IN THE HEAVENS OVER  
FRENCH TERRAIN....

HELLO ENGLAND — MARK HOLMES  
SPEAKING... HAVE AUTHENTIC INFOR-  
MATION THAT LONDON IS HEAD-  
ING INSIDE GERMANY TO INVESTI-  
GATE REPORTS OF A NEW SECRET  
NAZI DRIVE! MORE LATER.....  
SIGNING OFF...



VOLP



While LONDON'S PLANE PIERCES THE NIGHT AS IF IT WERE PART OF THE VERY DARKNESS ITSELF, A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE...

TIME FOR MARK HOLMES TO BECOME LONDON!

PAINTING THIS PLANE BLACK HAS WORKED OUT BETTER THAN I THOUGHT... I HAVEN'T BEEN SPOTTED YET... THIS FIELD LOOKS LIKE A GOOD SPOT TO SETTLE IN.

AN HOUR LATER INSIDE THE HEART OF NAZI DOMINATED FRANCE, THE IDOL OF A SURPRISED NATION APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE AND ASKS HURRIED, HOPEFUL QUESTIONS OF HIS BRAVE AND NOBLE FOLLOWING.....

FRANCIS! TELL ME, HAVE YOU ANY NEWS OF A SECRET ATTACK?

NO, LONDON, NOTHING AT ALL! NOT EVEN A WHISPER!

PAULINE! WHAT NEWS!

OH LONDON! THEY ARE PLANNING SOMETHING.. SOMETHING TERRIBLE... BUT I KNOW NOT WHERE!

YES, THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WIND... BUT ALL I KNOW IS THAT THE ACTIVITY WILL BE NEAR THE CHANNEL CITIES!

LONDON! THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! THE BLASTED NAZIS ARE GOING TO DO IT! ATTACK ENGLAND WITH BACTERIA BOMBS!... MY BROTHER OBTAINED THE INFORMATION AND THEY KILLED HIM!... BUT HE GAVE IT TO ME FIRST!

THEY'VE THE BOMB FLUID JUST OUTSIDE OF DUNKIRK... BUT I'M AFRAID YOU MAY BE TOO LATE... THE SCHEDULED TIME FOR ATTACK IS WITHIN AN HOUR!

GOT TO TAKE CHANCES NOW!

A MILLION THANKS, FRANCOIS, I'LL BE OFF AND PRAY I'M NOT TOO LATE!

PARDON ME, HAVE YOU A MATCH?

W.... LONDON!





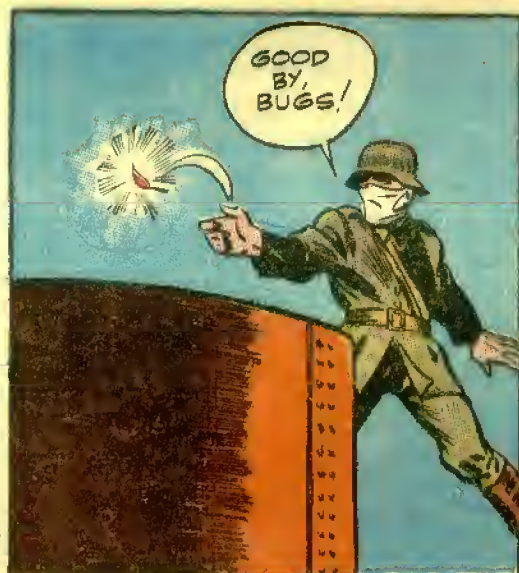
TEN MINUTES LATER...



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE CHEMICAL  
PLANT A GUARD LEAVES AND.....











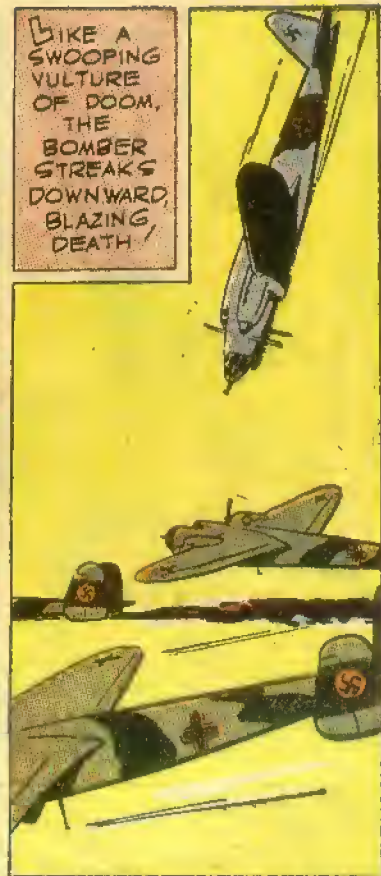




THREE OF THEM, LESLIE,  
LOADED WITH GERMS—  
ONCE THEY CROSS  
THE CHANNEL  
IT'LL BE TOO  
LATE TO  
DOWN  
THEM!



NO TIME TO TALK! I GUESS  
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE A  
TRY AT IT! YOU HANDLE  
THE GUN, SWEETHEART....  
AND KEEP YOUR FINGERS  
CROSSED!



LIKE A  
SWOOPING  
VULTURE  
OF DOOM,  
THE  
BOMBER  
STREAKS  
DOWNWARD,  
BLAZING  
DEATH!



GOOD SHOOTING,  
LESLIE! WE GOT  
TWO OF 'EM!



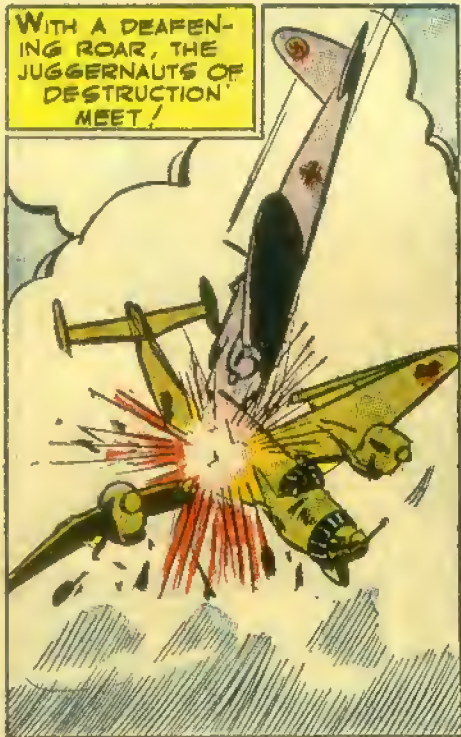
LONDON, WE'RE OUT OF  
AMMUNITION! THIS SHIP  
WASN'T READY FOR  
ATTACK!



GRAB OUR CHUTES  
AND KEEP THAT  
EMERGENCY DOOR  
READY—WE'RE  
GOING TO  
SMASH IT!!



WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE JUGGERNAUTS OF DESTRUCTION MEET!



HOW ABOUT HAVING A QUIET DINNER TOGETHER TONIGHT JUST FOR A CHANGE?

FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS, IT WILL BE IN DAVEY JONE'S LOCKER, BUT I ACCEPT!



CHUTES TO THE NORTH, SIR!

MAKE READY TO PICK UP THOSE TWO!

BUT NOW THOSE BACTERIA BOMBS ARE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

THAT MARC HOLMES FELLOW ON THE RADIO MENTIONED THAT YOU WERE UP TO SOMETHING—IT'S CERTAINLY AMAZING HOW HE GETS HIS INFORMATION!

AHOY, THERE! CAN A COUPLE OF STRANGERS COME ABOARD?

LONDON! I'LL SAY YOU CAN!

YES, LONDON; IT IS ODD THAT HE KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT YOU—IN FACT IT'S VERY VERY STRANGE!

**IS LESLIE SUSPICIOUS THAT MARC HOLMES IS LONDON?**  
DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S SUPER SURPRISE IN DAREDEVIL COMICS!

LATER IN THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.....





# THE WHIRLWIND

I NEVER SAW  
A MAN FIGHT  
SO HARD AS IF  
SOME INNER SPARK  
HAD CHARGED HIS  
GIANT FRAME WITH  
UNCONTROLLABLE  
POWER!

CLANG

## INTRODUCIN'

BOXING'S LATEST SEN-  
SATION, MICHAEL HOGAN,  
THE "IRISH BLITZ,"  
AS OUR STORY OPENS, HOGAN'S  
CURRENT FIGHT HAS DRAWN A  
TREMENDOUS CROWD AND THE  
FIGHT FANS ARE STARTLED AT  
HIS TERRIFIC USE OF ENERGY.  
NONE THE LESS IMPRESSED  
ARE TERRY TURNER, THE  
"WHIRLWIND," HIS MOVIE STAR  
MANAGER, JACKIE WINGS  
AND FUZZ, HIS  
SECOND....

GOSH!  
THIS HOGAN IS  
DYNAMITE, JACKIE!  
BUT HE CAN'T  
LAST THREE  
ROUNDS AT THIS  
SPEED!

HE DOESN'T  
HAVE TO! IN  
EVERY FIGHT,  
HE KNOCKS  
'EM OUT WITHIN  
TWO ROUNDS!

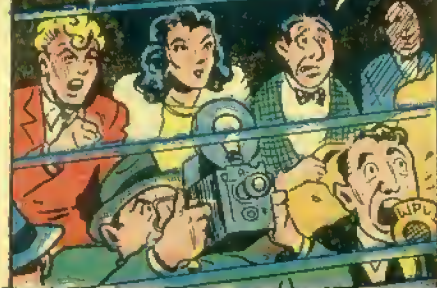
AND IN THE  
SECOND ROUND!

8...9...10!  
YER  
OUT!

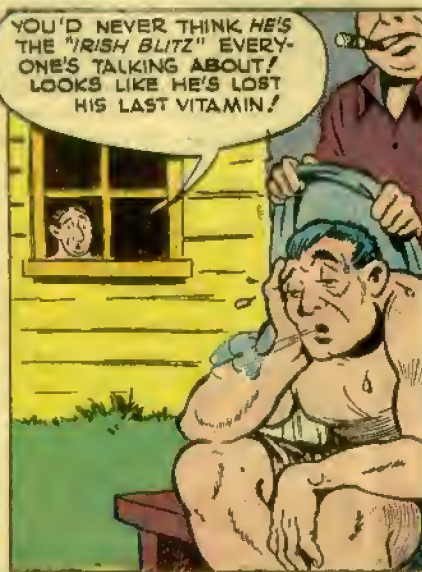
THAT IRISH  
BOY IS A REAL  
CHALLENGE TO  
A FIGHTER!  
I'D SURE LIKE  
TO GET A  
CRACK AT  
HIM!

AND AS YOUR  
MANAGER, I GUESS  
THAT'S A HINT  
FOR ME TO  
ARRANGE A  
MATCH, HUH,  
FUZZ?

YEAH,  
MISS  
JACKIE!











THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT!

GOSH! FUZZ WAS RIGHT! HOGAN DOES LOOK SICK!



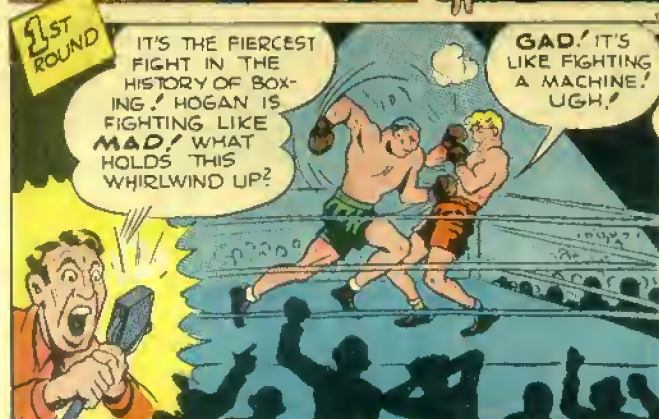
LET ME PUT YOUR GLOVES ON, MICHAEL!

HOGAN'S HANDLERS GET HIM READY AND AT THE BELL HE'S A CHANGED MAN.....

YEAH, HURRY UP!



WOW! NOTHING SICK ABOUT HIM NOW! HE'S GOT AN ATTACK LIKE THE U.S. MARINES!



1ST ROUND

IT'S THE FIERCEST FIGHT IN THE HISTORY OF BOXING! HOGAN IS FIGHTING LIKE MAD! WHAT HOLDS THIS WHIRLWIND UP?

GAD! IT'S LIKE FIGHTING A MACHINE! UGH!

2ND ROUND

WHIRLWIND IS DOWN!

OOOH! I'VE GOT TO STAY WITH HIM... GOT TO! HE CAN'T LAST THREE LIKE THIS... I KNOW... HE CAN'T!

2...3... 4...5... SAVED BY THE BELL!

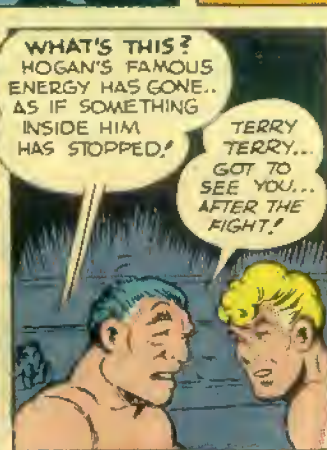


BONG



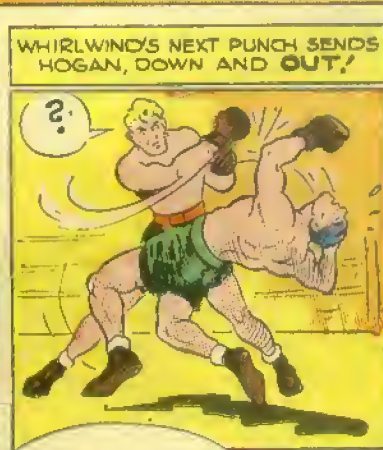
3RD ROUND

AND HERE COMES WHIRLWIND BACK! ...FIGHTING GALANTLY! THE ONLY MAN TO EVER GO INTO THE THIRD ROUND WITH HOGAN!



WHAT'S THIS? HOGAN'S FAMOUS ENERGY HAS GONE.. AS IF SOMETHING INSIDE HIM HAS STOPPED!

TERRY TERRY... GOT TO SEE YOU... AFTER THE FIGHT!



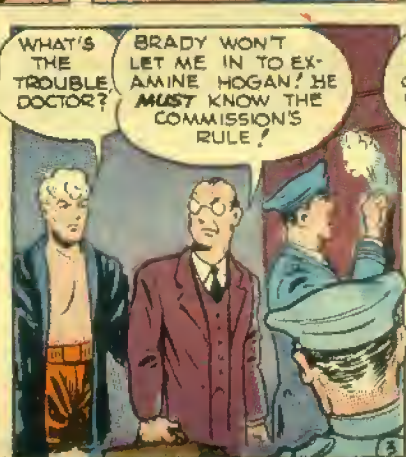
WHIRLWIND'S NEXT PUNCH SENDS HOGAN, DOWN AND OUT!

?



WHAT A FIGHT! WOW! YOU DID IT TERRY!

HE QUIT QUICKER THAN I THOUGHT HE WOULD.. FUNNY, ...SAID HE HAD TO SEE ME, ???



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE DOCTOR?

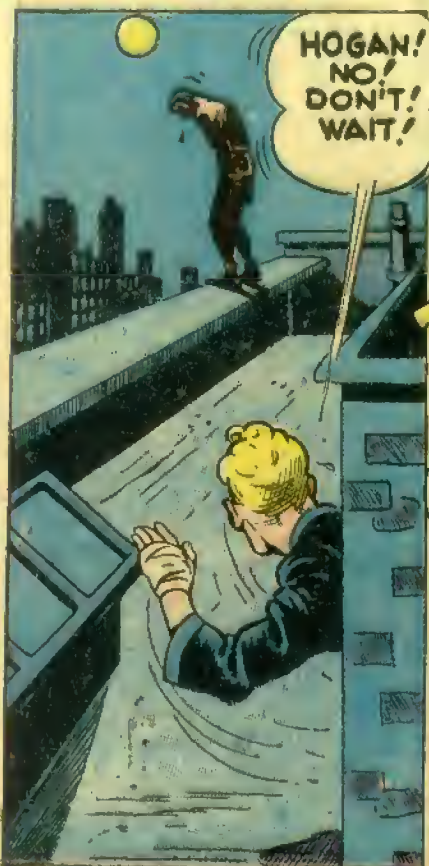
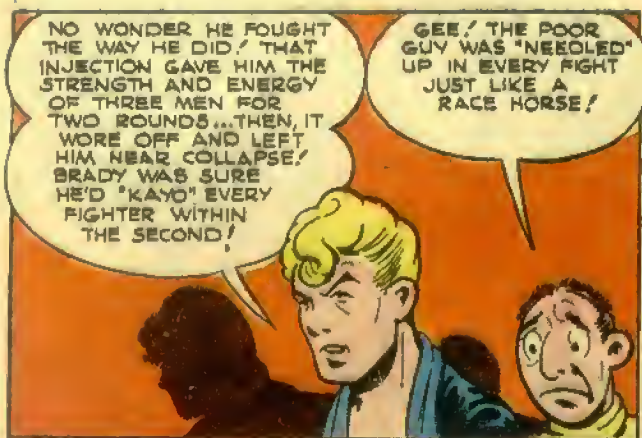
BRADY WON'T LET ME IN TO EXAMINE HOGAN! HE MUST KNOW THE COMMISSION'S RULE!



NO WONDER THEY DIDN'T WANT ME TO EXAMINE HIM! HE RECEIVED A STRONG STIMULANT, AND THAT MARK ON HIS ARM SHOWS A MORPHINE INJECTION!

WHAT!









A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE FULL OF MORPHINE! HE STILL THINKS HE CAN'T FIGHT WITHOUT A "SHOT IN THE ARM."

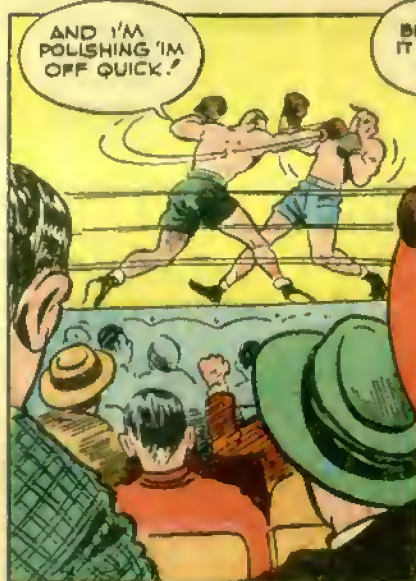


I'LL FIX THAT! I'LL EMPTY IT AND FILL IT WITH HARMLESS WATER!

JUST BEFORE FIGHT TIME...

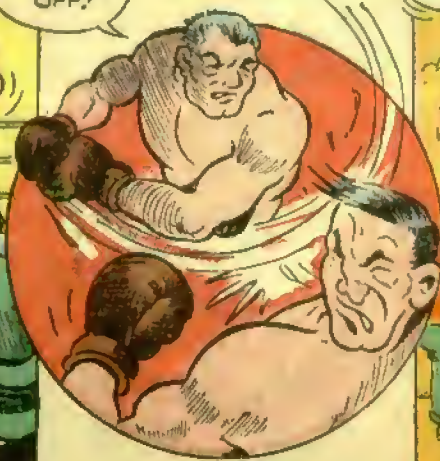


I CAN'T DO IT! I'D BETTER TAKE THE NEEDLE AGAIN! I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE THIS FIGHT AND LET TERRY DOWN!

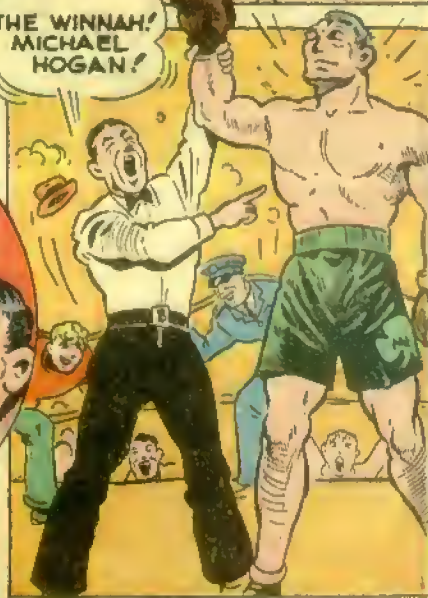


AND I'M POLISHING 'IM OFF QUICK!

BEFORE IT WEARS OFF!



THE WINNAH! MICHAEL HOGAN!



I... HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE, TERRY!

LET ME MAKE MINE FIRST... I FOUND YOUR NEEDLE IN YOUR SUITCASE AND FILLED IT WITH WATER!



WHAT! YOU MEAN I WON THE FIGHT ALONE? IT WAS ME?

YES MICHAEL, AND WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, YOU'VE WON YOUR SELF-RESPECT AND I PREDICT A SPARKLING CAREER FOR THE "IRISH BLITZ!"



BE PREPARED FOR A SLAMBANG LEATHER SLINGING CONTEST NEXT MONTH WITH WHIRLWIND, *The BLOND BOMBER!*

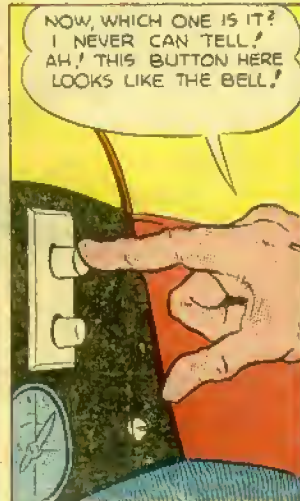


# HOUDONNIT

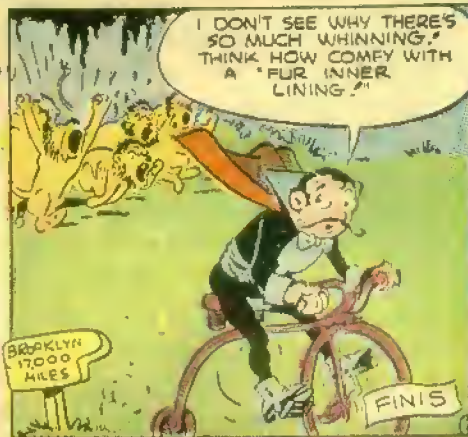
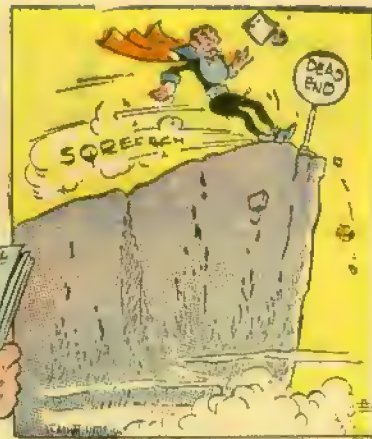
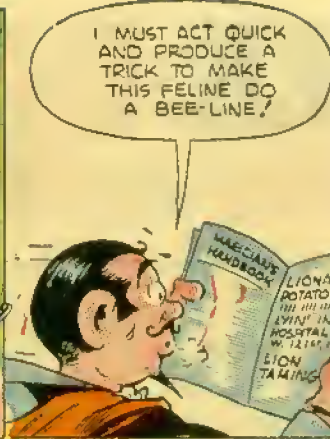
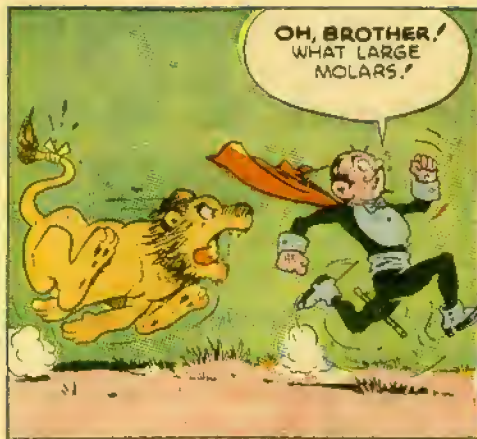
the great

by Montana

The great HOUDONNIT, MASTER MUFFLER OF MAGIC, IS FLYING OVER SOUTH AFRICA. IN HIS SUDDEN REQUESTED DEPARTURE FROM INDIA LAST MONTH HOUDONNIT TORE HIS MAGIC CAPE WHEN IT GOT CAUGHT IN HIS 'YO-YO'. WE FIND HIM ENROUTE TO CAPE TOWN TO REPLACE IT....









# NEW YORK UNDER FIRE

a **CRIMEBUSTER** story by **DICK WOOD**

**I**T WAS MIDNIGHT in the heart of New York City. The world's greatest center of civilization speckled the heavens with light from a billion windows and neon signs. Were a man from another planet to have observed this sparkling metropolis from the peak of the Empire State Building he would undoubtedly have thought that it was a symbol of peace, that only happiness, good will and the right to live, reigned throughout this world of ours. But he would have been wrong. For at this moment, beneath the countless concrete structures that spread out endlessly below, a million souls were working. Fighting desperately to preserve a freedom that was at this very moment being threatened by maddened monarchs of evil from across the seas. Air raid wardens patrolled the streets. Two hundred thousand of them, on the alert for any sign of approaching enemy air craft. Anti-aircraft guns, manned by keen-eyed army men, poked their sturdy chins from the tops of skyscrapers. At the defense airports of the New York area, pilots waited for an alarm, ready at a minute's notice to blast from the sky any invading Axis planes that would seek to unload their deadly missiles of destruction upon the towering buildings of the greatest city on earth. All hoped. Yes, all prayed to heaven, that no attack would come. But was it to come, they would be prepared. Prepared to strike swiftly, forcefully and unitedly. And on the minds and lips of one and all alike, the solemn cry echoed and reached throughout the city, "REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!"

Crimebuster was atop the Edison Light Building, scanning the skies with a pair of powerful glasses. He had tried to join the air service but it was no use. In spite of his astounding career in smashing the forces of evil, army regulations were strict. He was too young to become a pilot. They had, however, given him the privilege of becoming a district

air raid commander, which in itself was a very important post. He was not alone on the roof top. Right beside him was his pet monkey, chattering softly as he toyed with Crimebuster's warden whistle. Behind him three soldiers leaned against the roof railing, smoking casually. Next to them, an anti-aircraft gun stood fully loaded and waiting. Even the building itself was not empty. Fifty high school students were having a special class of instruction on the value of electricity in war time. Crimebuster's heart warmed as he thought of the trust and responsibility placed in him. He started to reach for the phone which connected with the air-raid quarters, and then stopped short. From above, the soft drone of a plane came to his ears. He slapped the glasses to his eyes but nothing was visible in the inky darkness of the night. Suddenly a shaft of light shot skyward from the East River. It flicked about the sky searching for a second, then picked up a moving speck in the heavens and remained on it. Outlined in the searchlight beam was a plane—a large trimotored bomber! Crimebuster felt a cold trickle run up and down his spine. That wasn't an American plane. The symbol of the Swastika could be made out easily on the fuselage. He spun the gun around and shouted to the crew, "Enemy plane overhead!" Aroused, the crew leaped to the gun and angled it along the line of the searchlight beam. The sky was littered with planes now—small pursuit bombers. They had dropped through a hole in the sky from out of nowhere and were roaring their way straight toward the center of the city. Crimebuster didn't pause to think how they had penetrated the outer ring of defenses. As the gun sent its first shell screaming skyward, he rushed to the staircase and hurtled down three flights of stairs to the room where the high school students were studying. It was his duty to see that everyone in the building



was protected first of all. As the roar of anti-aircraft fire and bursting bombs rent the air, he entered the instruction room and commanded the frightened and jabbering students to silence. "We're in the midst of an air attack," he said calmly. "Everyone will file down five flights of stairs to the center of the building and—**ABOVE ALL KEEP COOL**—"

Crimebuster watched the last student head down the staircase, started down himself—and then stopped. A terrific roar shattered his ears and the building rocked beneath him. He paused, waiting for the return fire of the gun on the roof. Silence—It was his duty during an attack to clear the streets of pedestrians and excitement seekers, but now he hesitated. That bomb had stuck somewhere on the roof! Perhaps the gunnery crew were injured, hurt or dying. In seconds he was on the roof, and his worst fears were realized. The explosion had burst on the opposite side of the roof, but the bomb splinters had sprayed the gun crew. He bent over their bodies hopefully, looking for signs of life. They were all dead, but the gun before them remained untouched save for a small pile of debris. He clinched his teeth tightly and looked up. The sky was now a mad combination of waving light, diving planes, and explosions. Quickly he stepped over to the loaded anti-aircraft gun. Those Nazi planes had to be downed before any more lives were lost. He could easily see that they outnumbered the U.S. Army fighters that were desperately attempting to ward off the attack. Somehow, somehow this powerful squadron of enemy aircraft had managed to reach the city undetected. But, however they managed it, he swore they would not go away unscratched.

Crimebuster's eye squinted along the sights of the steel shaft in front of him. Three Nazi planes were roaring earthward toward the Empire State Building to his left. He yanked the trigger release and was knocked flat by the explosion. On his back he saw a bright flare just in front of the diving planes. The motor of the foremost plane was ripped completely off, and the flames leaped from the remaining parts. It paused for a moment in mid-air, then fluttered down like a burning leaf to the streets below. The other two plummeted down

behind some buildings, and exploded as their bomb-racks struck the roof tops. With the back of his hand, Crimebuster wiped beads of sweat from his forehead. That had been luck—blind luck. He had never fired an anti-aircraft gun before—wasn't even sure how to sight one. The gun must have been adjusted to protect the Empire State Building.

Crimebuster started to reach for another shell, then stopped and threw himself flat. An enemy plane was screeching down toward the building, its machine gun hammering the air. To within a hundred yards of the roof-top it continued its dive, and then pulled out, releasing a black object. The bomb, coming at an angle, narrowly missed the ledge and struck the side of the building in the middle. For a moment the whole structure shuddered—flashes of red flame shot into the air, and bricks and debris littered the sky.

Crimebuster raced for the staircase and took them six at a time. Down on the fortieth floor he burst in upon fifty frenzied high school children, all trying to rush down the exit at once. One side of the floor was entirely torn away, and flames were licking at the demolished structure. Chunks of burning metal were scattered all about. One of the high school fellows rushed with a pail of water and lifted it overhead to pour on the flames. Before he could act, Crimebuster had snatched the pail from his grasp and flung it to the far side of the room. "Never *pour* water on an incendiary bomb," he shouted, "spray it!" In five minutes Crimebuster had organized a calm exit file out of the nervous high school members.

As the students were leaving, Crimebuster was in action, with one student who had stayed behind. Rigging up a piece of hose to the faucet, they sprayed the bomb with a light stream of water until it had burned itself out. By the time they had rejoined the others, the raid was over. The result was a total defeat for the larger enemy air-squadron. Over half of the attacking planes had been shot down, and many others so badly crippled that it was extremely doubtful if they could reach their bases. Americans had again proved to the Axis APES that not only can we take it, but we can dish it out as well!

THE END



YES...IT WAS ALL OUT WAR...ON LAND, IN THE AIR AND ON THE SEA...  
THE CONFLICT OF THE AGES SMOULDERING IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE...  
RIGHT AGAINST WRONG, GOOD AGAINST BAD...CHURNING UP A SEA  
OF BULLETS AND BLOOD FOR THE WORLD TO BOIL IN...AND ABOVE  
IT ALL, STANDS THE MENACING FIGURE OF **THE CLAW**, URGING  
THE FORCES OF EVIL EVER ONWARD WITH HIS FANATICAL SCREAMS  
OF "DEATH TO THE DEMOCRACIES!!"

THE

# CLAW

WORLD'S WORST  
VILLAIN

DEATH  
TO THE  
ALLIES!

BOB  
WOOD



KLOGLO

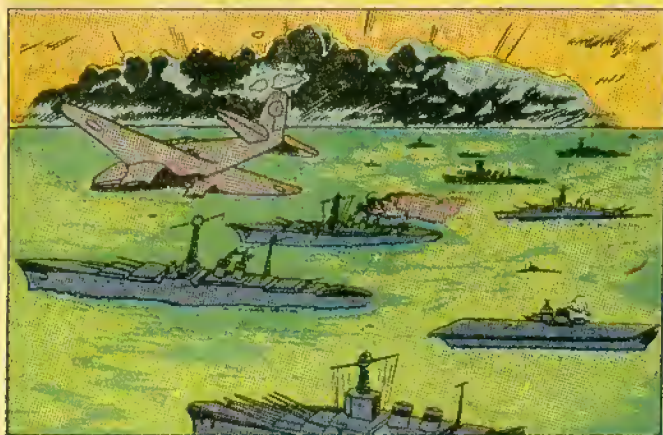
KLOGLO AND THE GHOST...COMBATANTS IN  
THE WORLD'S WIERDEST BATTLE...KLOGLO  
WAS SENT TO ASSIST **THE CLAW** IN DEFEAT-  
ING OUR BRAVE MAN IN WHITE, BUT **BRAD  
HENDRICKS, (THE GHOST)** TURNED THE TABLES  
ON THE TRICKY DUO AND SENT THEM SCURRY-  
ING FOR SHELTER...BUT NOW, THE HORDES  
OF HATE HAVE GAINED MOMENTUM AND ARE  
CRUSHING FORWARD...CAN EVEN THE  
GHOST WITHSTAND THIS RENEWED  
ASSAULT??



The  
GHOST



FAR OUT TO SEA, ON THE BOILING CALDRON WHICH IS THE SEETHING BATTLEFIELD OF THE PACIFIC, A HOSTILE FLEET STEALTHILY APPROACHES AMERICA'S SHORES.....



And ON BOARD THE ENEMY SHIPS, ALL IS TENSE--THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE GREATEST ONSLAUGHT OF ALL TIME--THE DEFEAT OF AMERICA!!



WE WERE SUPPOSED TO RECEIVE AID TODAY FROM GERMAN AGENTS...WONDER WHO THEY COULD BE?



KAPITAN!  
KAPITAN!  
A MAN COMES OUT OF CLOUDS IN PARACHUTE!



Yes, A MAN COMES OUT OF THE CLOUDS...THE CRAFTY GERMAN AGENT, KLOGLO!



LOOK, HE IS JUST A LITTLE FELLOW!

HAK!  
WHAT'S HE DOING WAY OUT HERE?

SILENCE, FOOLS!



LITTLE MAN, YOU HAFF FALLEN INTO THE ARMS OF THE JAPANESE FLEET! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM, QUICKLY?

CLOSE DER FACE, YELLOW PUSS!... I AM DER VUN TO GIFF ORDERS HERE!



DISS VILL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT KLOGLO, AGENT SUPERIOR UFF DER NAZI GOVERNMENT!



NOW THEN, TO BUSINESS! I HAFF HERE SEALED ORDERS WHICH MUST BE FOLLOWED!

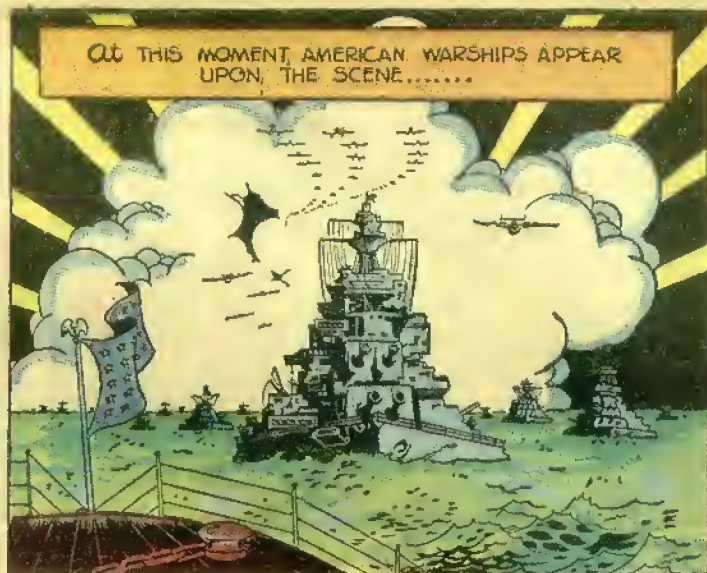




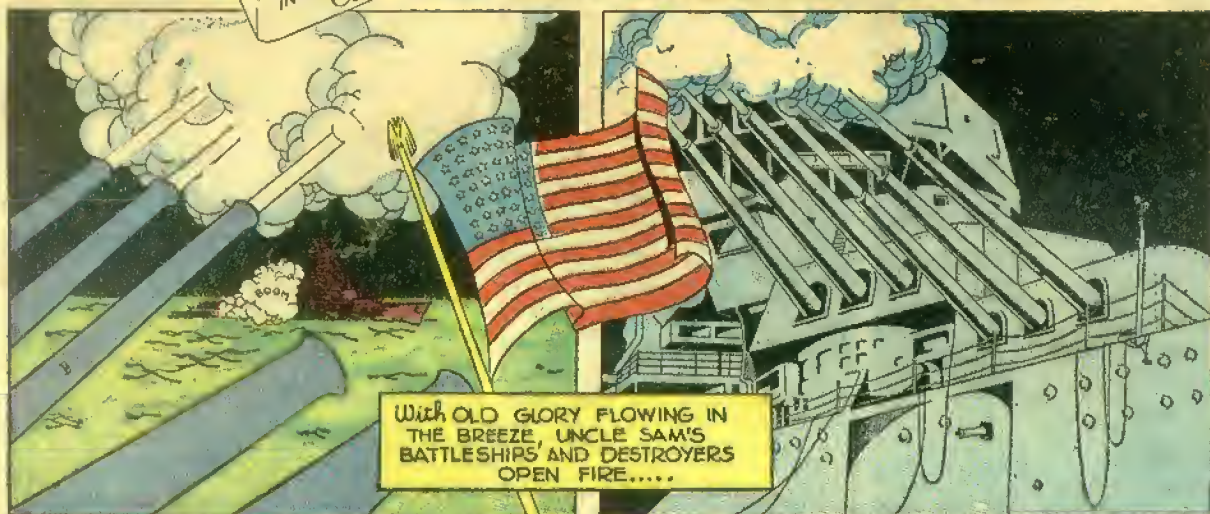
YOU WILL  
OBEY DESE  
ORDERS TO  
THE LETTER!

?

FOLLOW THESE  
INSTRUCTIONS  
Claw



At THIS MOMENT, AMERICAN WARSHIPS APPEAR  
UPON THE SCENE.....

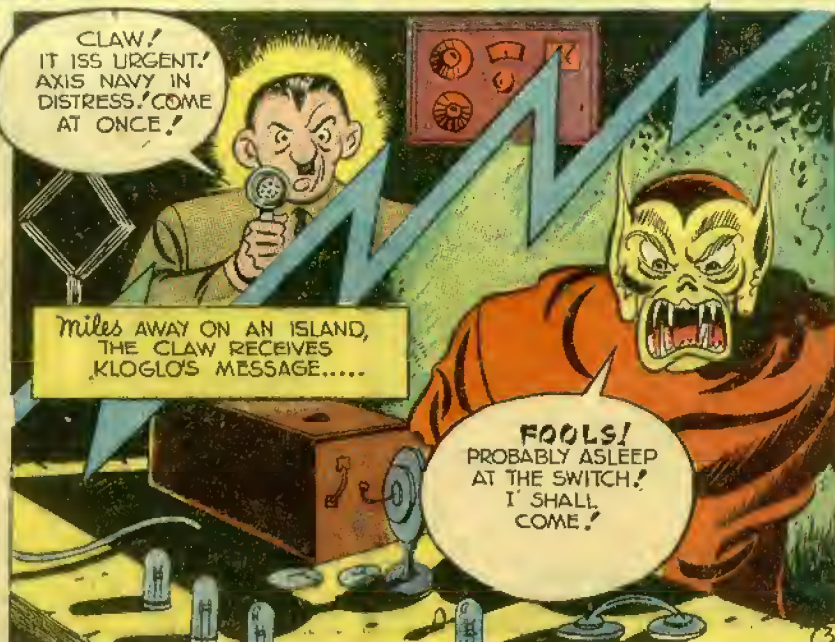


With OLD GLORY FLOWING IN  
THE BREEZE, UNCLE SAM'S  
BATTLESHIPS AND DESTROYERS  
OPEN FIRE.....



QUICK! EVERY  
SECOND IS  
VALUABLE! DERE  
IS NO TIME TO  
LOSE!

KLOGLO RUSHES FOR  
THE RADIO ROOM....



CLAW!  
IT IS URGENT!  
AXIS NAVY IN  
DISTRESS! COME  
AT ONCE!

Miles AWAY ON AN ISLAND,  
THE CLAW RECEIVES  
KLOGLO'S MESSAGE.....

FOOLS!  
PROBABLY ASLEEP  
AT THE SWITCH!  
I SHALL  
COME!

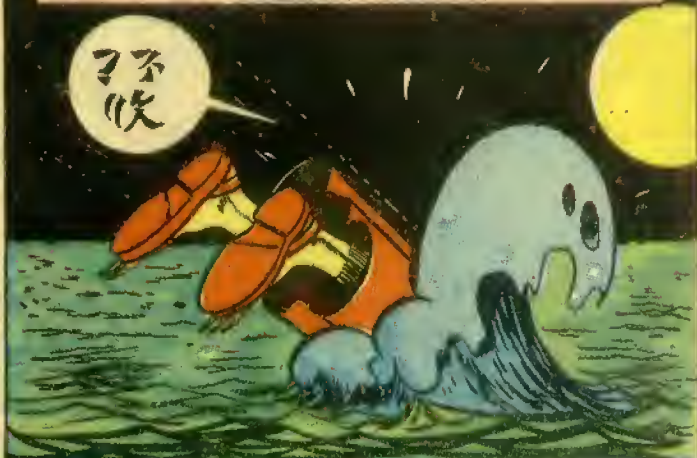


THAT INSIGNIFICANT  
PEEPSQUEAK, KLOGLO!  
ALWAYS I HAVE TO  
PULL THE AXIS OUT  
OF THEIR STUPID  
BLUNDERS!.



AND SO, INTO THE SEA PLUNGES THE WORLD'S  
WORST VILLAIN, SEETHING WITH REVENGE  
AND PREPARED TO BREAK THE BACK OF THE  
AMERICAN NAVY....

不  
休



MEANWHILE IN SAN FRANCISCO, BRAD  
HENDRICKS, ALIAS THE GHOST, LISTENS  
WITH KEEN INTEREST TO WAR NEWS  
OF THE BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC...

NO ONE CAN  
BATTLE THE CLAW  
UNLESS THEY UNDER-  
STAND HIS TACTICS!  
IF I COULD GET HOLD  
OF A PLANE, I'D...  
SAY...MAYBE  
I CAN!

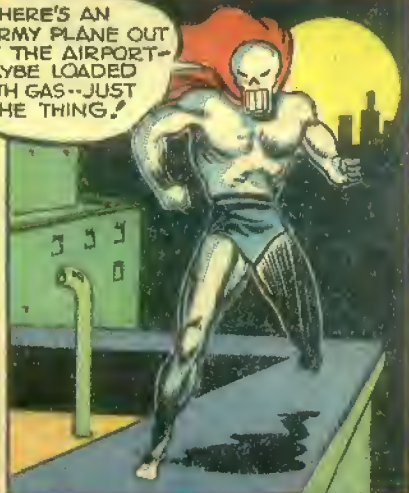
MINUTES LATER, THE GLEAMY  
WHITE FIGURE OF THE GHOST  
STEPS INTO THE NIGHT....

FLASH! NEWS  
HAS BEEN RE-  
CEIVED THAT THE  
CLAW IS FIGHTING  
WITH THE JAP  
FORCES! OUR  
NAVY IS IN GREAT  
PERIL!

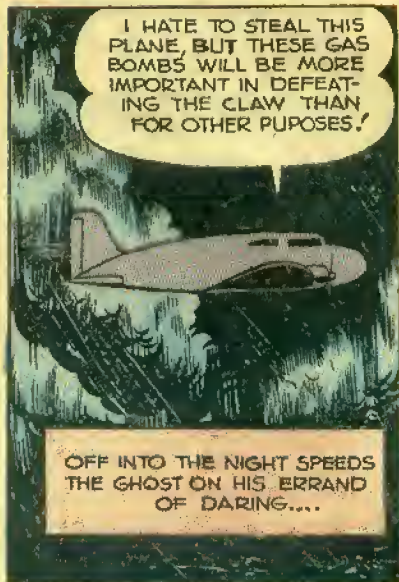
HMM....



THERE'S AN  
ARMY PLANE OUT  
AT THE AIRPORT-  
MAYBE LOADED  
WITH GAS--JUST  
THE THING!



I HATE TO STEAL THIS  
PLANE, BUT THESE GAS  
BOMBS WILL BE MORE  
IMPORTANT IN DEFEAT-  
ING THE CLAW THAN  
FOR OTHER PURPOSES!



OFF INTO THE NIGHT SPEEDS  
THE GHOST ON HIS ERRAND  
OF DARING....

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

FROM WHAT THE  
RADIO SAID, THE  
BATTLE SHOULD  
BE NEAR HERE!



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, THE  
AMERICAN NAVY IS TAKING THE  
MOST SEVERE PUNISHMENT OF  
ITS ENTIRE HISTORY...

DROWN!  
YOU DOGS OF  
DEMOCRACY!



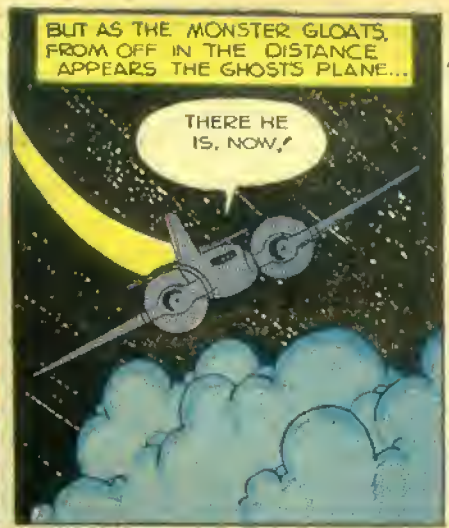




GLEEFULLY, THE CLAW  
CACKLES AS THE  
AMERICANS FLOUNDER  
FOR SAFETY..

HA! HA!  
HA! DIE  
FOOLS!

ABANDON SHIP!  
WE'RE GOING  
DOWN!



BUT AS THE MONSTER GLOATS,  
FROM OFF IN THE DISTANCE  
APPEARS THE GHOST'S PLANE...

THERE HE  
IS, NOW!



HERE  
GOES!

ZOUNDS!  
THAT IS NOT  
A JAPANESE  
PLANE!



DOWN, DOWN GATHERING  
MOMENTUM WITH EVERY  
SECOND, PLUNGES THE  
GAS LADEN BOMB...



4!/?4!/?  
AN AMERICAN  
DOG, NO  
DOUBT!



THE MONSTROUS HAND OF THE WORLD'S  
WORST VILLAIN DARTS OUT AND SEIZES  
ONE OF THE MASSIVE GUNS FROM THE  
FAST SINKING BATTLESHIP...

TEN TO  
ONE IT'S  
THE GHOST!



A DARING MOVE, THE  
GIANT HURLS THE  
WEAPON OF DEATH  
STRAIGHT FOR THE  
GHOST'S SHIP....



A HIT! THE CLAW PROVES  
HIMSELF AN EXCELLENT  
MARKSMAN, AS THE GUN  
INJURES THE WING OF THE  
GHOST'S PLANE....



HIS SHIP CRIPPLED, THE GHOST IS FORCED TO DO SOME QUICK THINKING...

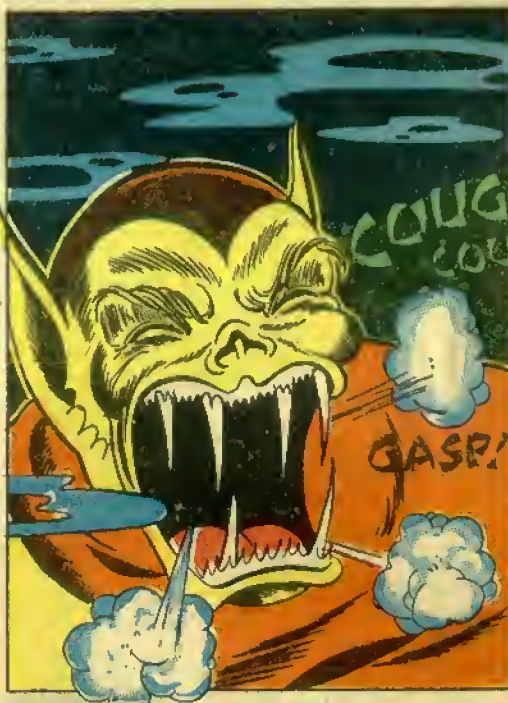
WOW! GOTTA THINK FAST! I ONLY HAVE ONE MORE OF THOSE GAS BOMBS!



AS HIS PLANE HOPELESSLY FLOUNDERS, THE GHOST BANKS IT OVER AND RELEASES HIS FINAL BOMB!



A DIRECT HIT! THE BOMB LANDS FLUSH ON THE CLAW'S BACK! ITS FUMES SURROUND HIM!



THE ORIENTALS ARE SHOCKED TO FIND THE CLAW HELPLESS.

THE CLAW! HE IS GASPING! WHITE DOG MUST HAVE POISONED HIM!

CURSES!

LOOK! MORE AMERICAN SHIPS AND PLANES!



RETREAT!



AS THE JAPS START TO RETREAT, THE GHOST IS STILL FLOUNDERING ABOUT IN HIS CRIPPLED PLANE!

THANK HEAVENS THEY'RE TURNING BACK, BUT NOW, I'M IN A JAM! I'VE GOT IT!



ON AND ON, MOVE THE AMERICAN REINFORCEMENTS.....



REALIZING HIS PLANE IS USELESS, THE GHOST AIMS IT AT A GIANT JAPANESE BOMBER....



HERE GOES, JAPSY WAPSY!

...AND BAILS OUT!





HE FLOATS DOWN UPON AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP

LOOK! A PARACHUTIST!

WHAT KIND OF A UNIFORM IS THAT?

ON BOARD, THE CREW IS STARTLED TO LEARN THE IDENTITY OF THEIR STRANGE VISITOR....

WELL, I'LL BE...

I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE GHOST WAS ONLY A MYTH!

NOW LOOK, MEN, WE HAVE **ONE** CHANCE TO GET THE CLAW!

WHILE THE CLAW'S HELP-  
LESS OUT THERE,  
WE CAN TIE  
HIM UP WITH  
CHAINS! QUICK,  
NOW, IT'S  
OUR ONLY  
CHANCE!

AS THE WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN FIGHTS TO OVERCOME THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS, THE U.S. BATTLESHIP APPROACHES HIM....

BOOTH UPON THE MONSTER, HEAVY CHAINS ARE FLUNG ABOUT HIS NECK...CAN IT BE? YES, AT LAST, THE CLAW HAS BEEN CAPTURED!

THERE HE IS...EASY NOW!

**SWINE!**  
COUGH, COUGH,  
SPUT!

**AHH!**

FOR HOURS, UNCLE SAM'S FORCES BATTLE TO OVERCOME THE CLAW...FINALLY, THEY ARE SUCCESSFUL! SHORTLY THE MONSTER IS ABOARD AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER ENROUTE FOR AMERICA...

DOGS! THEY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ME IN A WEAKENED CONDITION! EVERY LIVING AMERICAN SHALL REGRET THIS! THE CLAW SHALL HAVE HIS REVENGE!

Later  
KLOGLO  
ADDRESS-  
ES THE  
AXIS  
POWERS  
.....

ATTENTION LEADERS OF THE AXIS...WITH-  
OUT THE CLAW WE  
ARE DOOMED! HE  
MUST BE RESCUED  
AT ALL COSTS! EVERY  
AVAILABLE SHIP  
MUST BE USED! I  
AWAIT YOUR ORDERS!

And so, the next day, the greatest combination of naval strength the world has ever seen sets forth with one purpose in mind--to rescue the claw! Will they succeed? Find the answer in next month's **DAREDEVIL COMICS!**



# STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias

## The Niagara Falls

**WHERE** is the Niagara Falls? Is it in the United States? If your answer is "Yes," then you are approximately 32% correct, as only the American Falls which is part of Niagara, lies wholly within the borders of the United States. Here are the facts.

The Niagara River which forms the boundary between the United States and Canada is separated by a small strip of land at the falls called Goat Island. This island diverts the river to flow on either

lies within the Canadian boundary, we find proof of this fact from the postage stamps of United States and Canada. On the 25c U. S. stamps of the period 1922-38, we find a reproduction of the American Falls. The 20c Canadian stamps of 1938 shows only a small part of the American Falls, Goat Island, the Horseshoe Falls and a Canadian power plant. Glancing at these two stamps, one can easily see that the Canadian Falls is much, much wider than the American Falls.

To give you an idea of how big Niagara Falls is, just try to visualize that 120,000,000 gallons of water pass over the falls each minute. In weight, this is equivalent



**AMERICAN FALLS**

side of it so that two distinct waterfalls are produced. The American Falls has a curving front of 1,400 feet and is 167 feet high. The Canadian or Horseshoe Falls is 158 feet high and has a curving front of 2,950 feet, more than twice as long as the American Falls. Most of the waters of the Niagara River is diverted over the Canadian Falls for only 1/10 of the entire volume goes over the American Falls.

To prove the above statement that most of the Niagara Falls



**CANADIAN FALLS**

lent to 500,000 tons of water per minute (Some drink of water).

Most stamp collectors already have both of the illustrated Niagara Fall stamps for they are easy to obtain and their price is very low.

### MOROCCO

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MYSTERY  
OF THE  
EVERGLADES  
CHAPT.  
I

13  
and JINX

OUT OF THE DARKNESS OF THE  
MYSTERIOUS ORIENT COMES A  
BLACK BEARER OF EVIL, BRING-  
ING THAT WHICH EVEN BRAVE  
MEN FEAR... THE UNKNOWN!

THIRTEEN AND JINX GO FORTH  
TO BATTLE THE TREACHERY  
AND INSIDIOUSNESS OF

**BLACK MAGIC!**



THIRTEEN (HAL HIGGINS) AND JINK (DARREL CREIG) ARE ON VACATION IN FLORIDA...

LOOK AT THIS ITEM, DARREL!

HUH!

ENGINEER MA  
JOHN BLAKE, CHIEF EN  
IN CHARGE OF THE AIRBA  
E UNDER CONSTRUCTION, WAS MY  
ON THE EVERGLADES, WAS YES  
TERIOUSLY MURDERED DEAD  
DAY. HE WAS FOUND IN HIS BLOO  
WITH A HOLE IN HIS BLOO  
FROM WHICH NO BLOOD  
FLOWED. AUTHORITIES U  
UNABLE TO FIND ANY  
WEAPON.  
FIFTY FRIGHTENED  
LABORERS QUIT IN  
HOWEVER A NEW  
ENGINEER NEW HEL  
WITH NEAR AS

STRICTLY A JOB  
FOR THIRTEEN  
AND JINK!  
RIGHT?

RIGHT!  
BOY, THIS  
IS TURNING  
OUT TO  
BE SOME  
VACATION!

THEY MAKE THEIR  
WAY TO THE AIRBASE...

THAT MUST BE THE  
ADMINISTRATION BUILDING!  
... AND THERE'S A  
LIGHT IN THE  
BOTTOM WINDOW!

LET'S TAKE  
A LOOK!

WHAT TH...  
ANOTHER MURDER!

LOOKS LIKE THEY  
GOT THE NEW  
ENGINEER THE SAME  
WAY THEY DID THE  
OTHER! POOR  
GUY!

WHY ANYONE  
WANT TO KILL  
ENGINEER,  
BOSS?

BOSS!  
HE  
MUST  
BE THE  
CONSTRUCTION  
FOREMAN  
OR SOMETHING!

BACK JINK,  
THEY'RE  
COMING  
OUT!

IF YOU ASK ME  
THAT WITCH, "JET" OF  
THE "BLACK ISLAND"  
DID IT WITH HER  
BLASTED  
BLACK MAGIC!

THE SUPERSTITIOUS HALF-BREED  
LABORERS GROW HYSTERICAL AT  
THE MENTION OF BLACK MAGIC!





THE WORKERS DESERT...

BLACK MAGIC! ME  
NOT WORK. HERE!

WITCH OF EVER-  
GLADES!  
AIRBASE HEXED!

PARDON ME!  
I'D LIKE A  
WORD WITH YOU!

M-P-P-P-P!

HERE! YOU TAKE  
US TO WITCH'S  
ISLAND, GET  
MONEY! NOT  
TAKE US,  
YOU GET PUNCH  
ON SNOOT!

MOJO  
TAKE  
YOU!

HERE IS BLACK ISLAND!  
MOJO GO BACK NOW!  
DEAD CHINEE WALK  
ON WITCH'S ISLAND!  
MOJO GO BACK!

SPOOKY  
ENOUGH FOR  
BLACK MAGIC...  
EH, JINX!

WHAT THE... CHINESE  
ZOMBIES! THIS IS  
WHAT MOJO WAS  
TALKING ABOUT!

THEY'RE MAKING FOR  
THAT CASTLE! LET'S  
SEE IF WE CAN'T  
GET IN!



**SWELL! THIS WINDOW'S OPEN!**



**LOOK... THE ZOMBIES HAVE GATHERED AROUND THE...**

**THE WITCH! SO THAT'S JET, THE WITCH!**



**THE RAILING ON WHICH THEY LEAN IS OLD AND DELAPIDATED...**



**BOY! SHE CAN BEWITCH ME ANYTIME AND I WON'T MAKE A PEEP!**

**JINK! COMPOSE YOURSELF!**



**JET, THE WITCH OF THE EVERGLADES!**



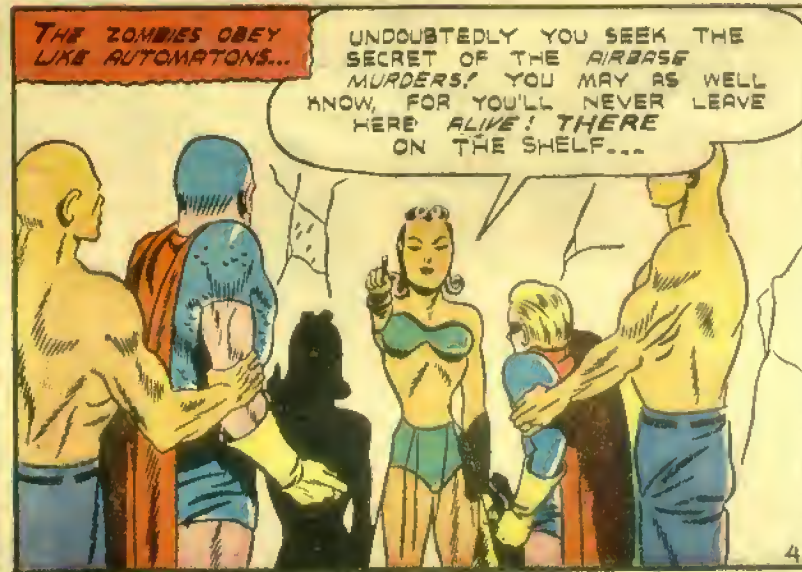
**HI, FOLKS!**

**SEIZE THE INTRUDERS!**



**THE ZOMBIES OBEY LIKE AUTOMATONS...**

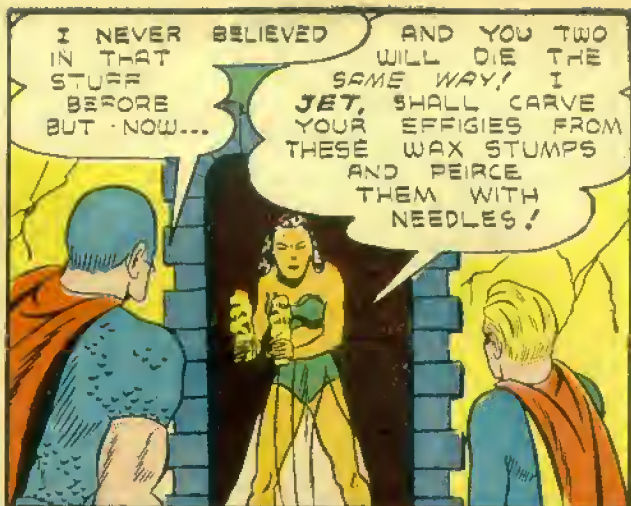
**UNDOUBTEDLY YOU SEEK THE SECRET OF THE AIRBASE MURDERS? YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW, FOR YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE! THERE ON THE SHELF...**







MURDER IN EFFIGY! HA! HA!  
MURDER IN EFFIGY! A  
NEEDLE THROUGH THE WAX  
CHEST OF THE ENGINEERS!  
MY BLACK MAGIC  
KILLED THEM!



I NEVER BELIEVED  
IN THAT  
STUFF  
BEFORE  
BUT NOW...

AND YOU TWO  
WILL DIE THE  
SAME WAY! I  
JET, SHALL CARVE  
YOUR EFFIGIES FROM  
THESE WAX STUMPS  
AND PEIRCE  
THEM WITH  
NEEDLES!



JET'S ABLE FINGERS  
MOVE SWIFTLY AND  
SOON SHE COMPLETES  
PERFECT LIKENESSES  
OF THIRTEEN AND  
JINX---



MY BLACK MAGIC  
PROVIDES THE  
PERFECT  
CRIME!  
EVEN THE POLICE  
WONT BELIEVE  
IT POSSIBLE...  
CONSEQUENTLY  
THEY NEVER  
BOTHR ME!  
HA! HA-HA!



SHE'S PLACING THE  
NEEDLES AT OUR  
EFFIGIES' CHESTS!

IT'S STILL HARD  
TO BELIEVE, BUT I  
NEVER FELT SO  
HELPLESS IN  
MY LIFE!



NOW, THIRTEEN  
AND JINX,  
DIE!



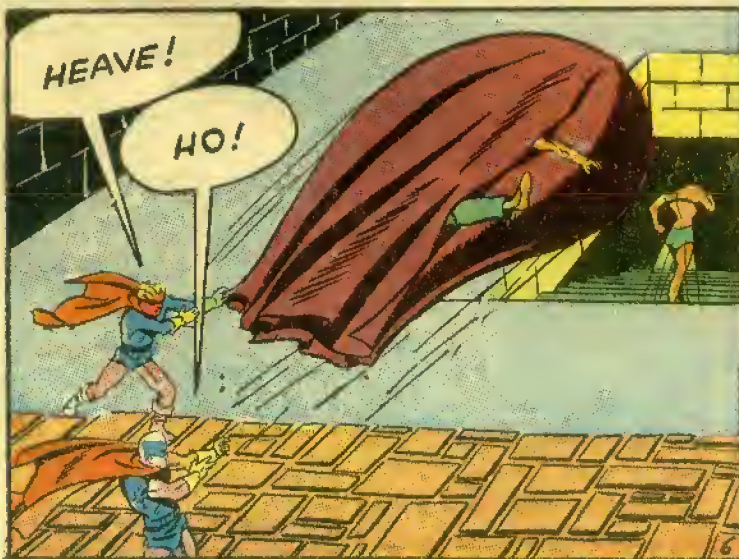
I FEEL OKAY!  
HOW ABOUT  
YOU JINX?

I NEVER  
FELT  
BETTER  
IN MY LIFE!

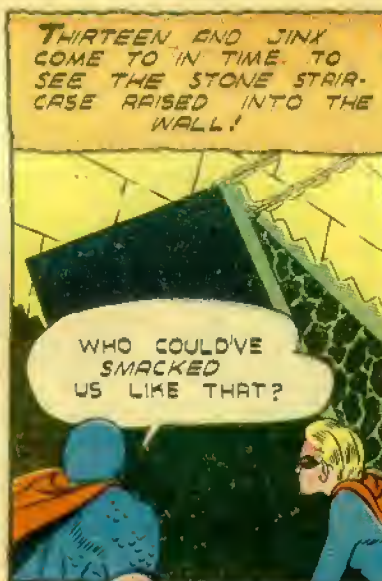


HORROR OF HORRORS!  
I HAVE FAILED!  
THE DEVIL IS AGAINST  
ME, SLAVES... TAKE  
THEM TO THE  
"TORTURE CHAMBERS!"





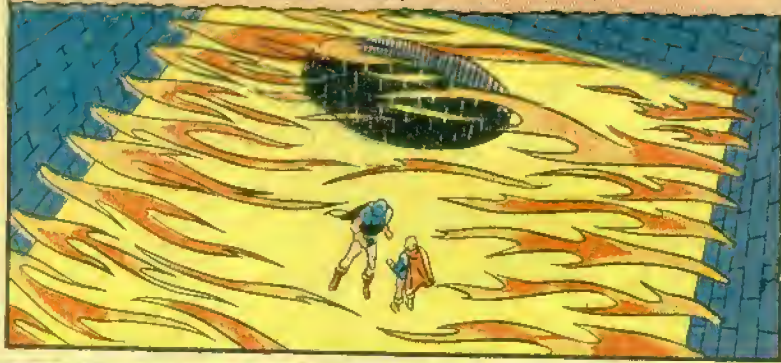




**JET PULLS A BRAKE AND...**



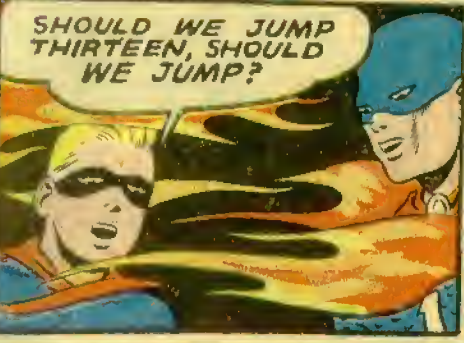
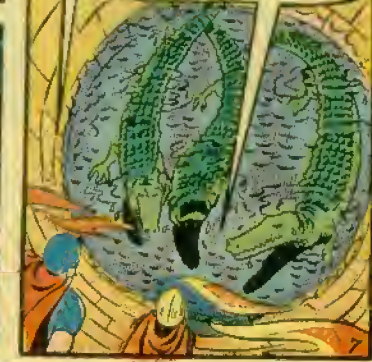
**LIVE FLAMES SHOOT FROM THE WALLS, CREEPING NEARER AND NEARER TO THIRTEEN AND JINK!**



**A WIDE WELL LIES WHERE THE STAIRCASE HAD BEEN...**

**CROCODILES!**

**THE FLAMES ARE GETTING NEARER!**



**WHAT A SPOT OUR FRIENDS ARE IN!! WILL THEY LEAP INTO THE CROCODILE PIT, OR WILL THEY DIE HORRIBLY IN THE TORTURING FLAMES?? IS MURDER IN EFFIGY POSSIBLE? IF SO, WHY DIDN'T THIRTEEN AND JINK DIE BY THE WITCHES NEEDLE? IF NOT, WHAT KILLED THE ENGINEERS WITHOUT SPILLING THEIR BLOOD? DO YOU BELIEVE IN THE LIVING DEAD? NO? THEN WHAT EXPLAINS THE ZOMBIES!**

**YOU CAN'T MISS CHAPT. 2**



# SILVER STREAK COMICS

PUBLISHED BY COMIC HOUSE, Inc. 114 EAST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY • LEV. GLEASON, PUBLISHER AND EDITOR

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